



SWING SISSON



POISON IVY



BIG-TOP



ROSCOE



SHENANIGAN

FEATURE

COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
I.C.C.
9

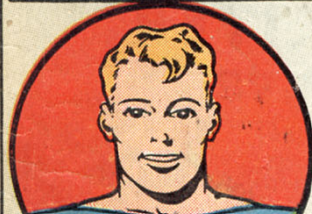
SEPTEMBER
No.126

The
Doll Man
casts for suckers and
lands Mr. PIKE!

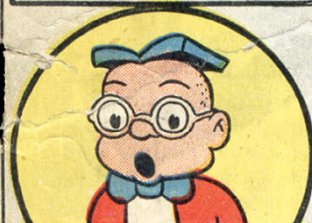
10¢



LALA PALOOZA



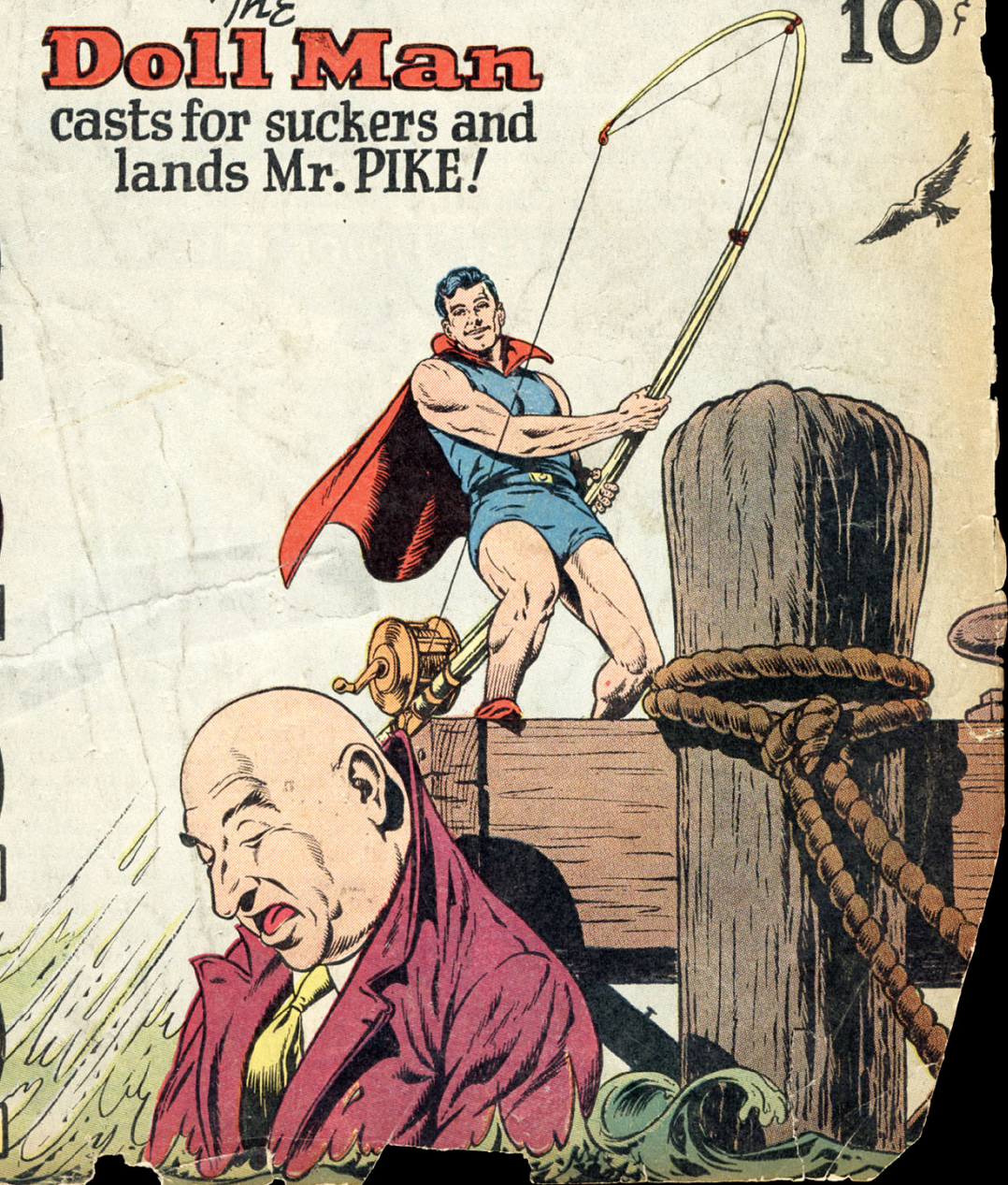
RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



BLIMPY





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

**YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP LIKE MAGIC
BECAUSE YOU**

Make Money With Your Own

**A Real Money-Maker
For You . . . Because**

**FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP
YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!**

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneless Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because **everyone** wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's **easy** to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

SEND NO MONEY: send only your name and address. Then pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.



\$1.98
Post Paid
Complete With
Battery & Bulb

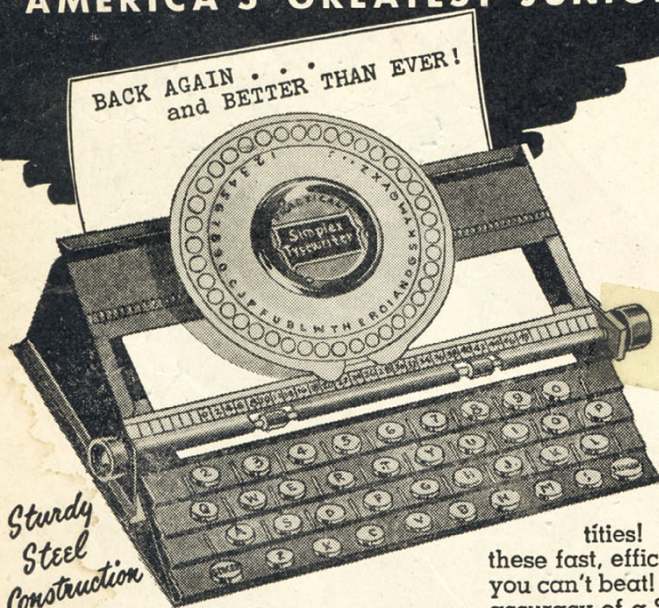
**Put Your Coins in
Slot and Press-in!**

**JUKE BOX
BLAZES WITH LIGHT
AS IT FLASHES:**

It's Wise to be Thrifty

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB-63

AMERICA'S GREATEST JUNIOR TYPEWRITER VALUE!



**Sturdy
Steel
Construction**

SEND NO MONEY

Merely clip ad and mail to-day. Then pay postman only \$2.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If not delighted return untampered within 10 days for a speedy refund.



AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. ST-63

**famous
Simplex PORTABLE
TYPEWRITER**

Only \$2.98
Post Paid

A KEY FOR EACH LETTER

*It's Fast!
It's Easy!
It's Efficient!
It's Accurate!*

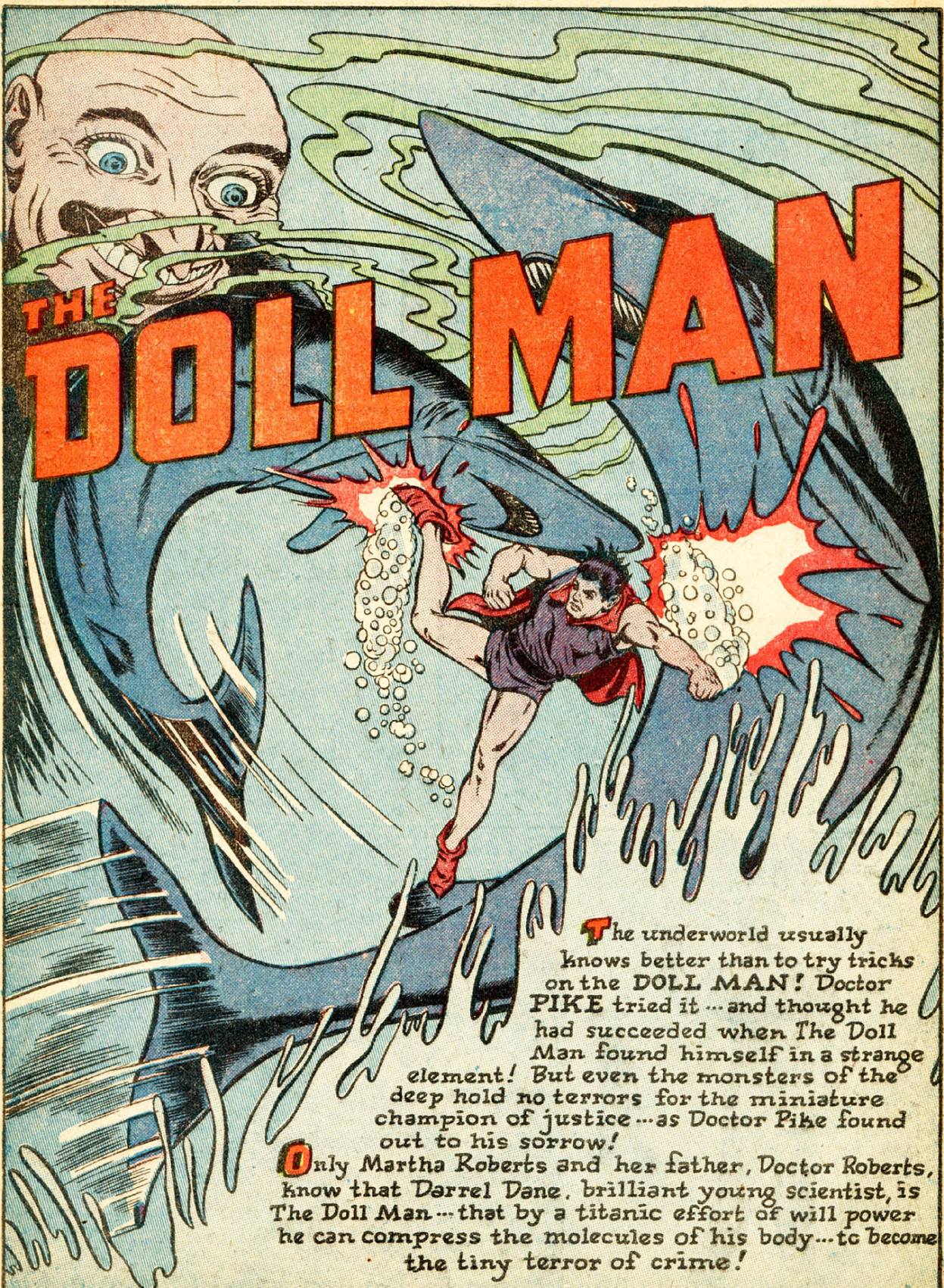
PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WORK...

...IDEAL FOR SMALL BUSINESSES!

Yes, it's back again . . . but only in limited quantities! We've managed to obtain a limited number of these fast, efficient typewriters that we can offer **you** at a price you can't beat! Now, for only \$2.98 you can enjoy the speed and accuracy of a Simplex Typewriter with new improved features:

- ★ Automatic Inking Operation
- ★ An Individual Key For Each Letter
- ★ Jiffy Spacing Bar
- ★ Shifts From CAPITAL to SMALL LETTERS

Hey Kids! . . . like to make a big hit with teachers and get better grades in school? It's easy when you turn in neat, accurately typed papers. Don't delay a moment longer! Order your Simplex Portable Typewriter **today** and find out how much fun it is to do your homework the easy, time-saving way!



THE DOLL MAN

The underworld usually knows better than to try tricks on the DOLL MAN! Doctor PIKE tried it ... and thought he had succeeded when The Doll Man found himself in a strange element! But even the monsters of the deep hold no terrors for the miniature champion of justice ... as Doctor Pike found out to his sorrow!

Only Martha Roberts and her father, Doctor Roberts, know that Darrel Dane, brilliant young scientist, is The Doll Man ... that by a titanic effort of will power he can compress the molecules of his body ... to become the tiny terror of crime!

One fine summer day...

LOOK AT THE CROWD, BOB! THE CARLTON BEACH CLUB IS A GOLD MINE! AND, AS MY SON, YOU'LL INHERIT IT! THAT'S WHY I WANT YOU TO LEARN ALL ABOUT RUNNING THE BUSINESS!

YES, DAD... IT'S THE FINEST STRETCH OF BEACH ON THE COAST!

YOU MR. CARLTON... THE MANAGER OF THIS JOINT? I'M HERE TO OFFER YOU FIFTY GRAND FOR THE WHOLE SETUP... BEACH, BUILDINGS, EVERYTHING!

HA! HA! THAT'S RICH! WHY, I TAKE IN TWICE THAT MUCH EVERY YEAR!

FIFTY GRAND IS A LOT OF DOUGH, MR. CARLTON! BETTER TAKE IT WHILE YOU CAN!

IT ISN'T FOR SALE... AND IF IT WAS, IT WOULD COST YOU MORE THAN FIFTY GRAND!

LISTEN, CHUM... YOU CAN GET FIFTY GRAND TODAY... TOMORROW IT'LL BE ONLY TWENTY-FIVE GRAND! INSIDE A MONTH THIS DUMP WON'T BE WORTH A NICKEL!

HEY! YOU TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF MY DAD!

LET HIM GO, SON! HE'S JUST CRAZY!

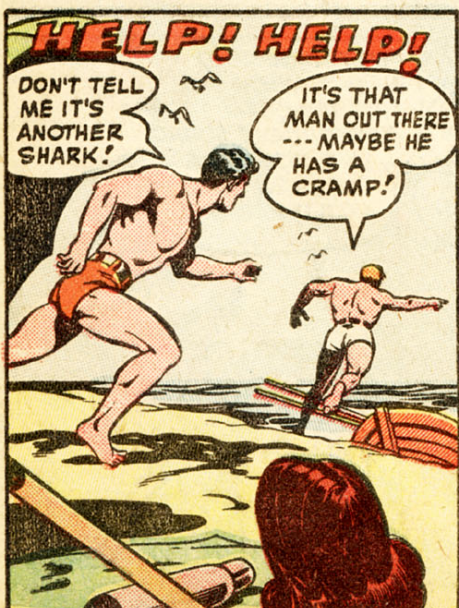
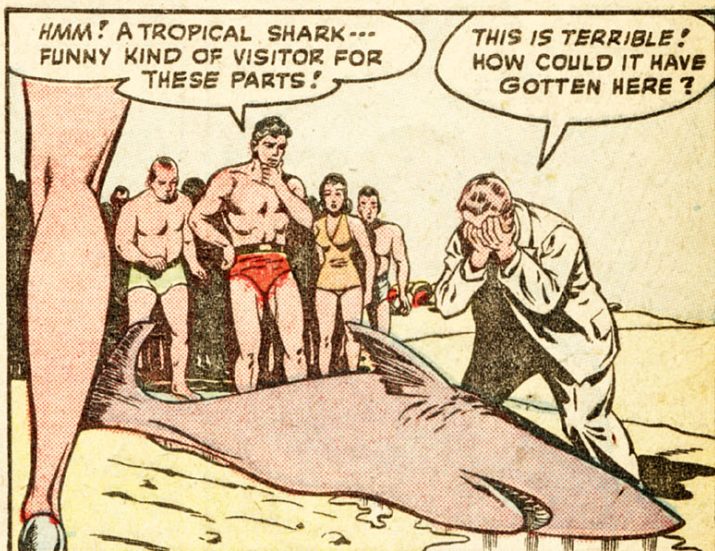
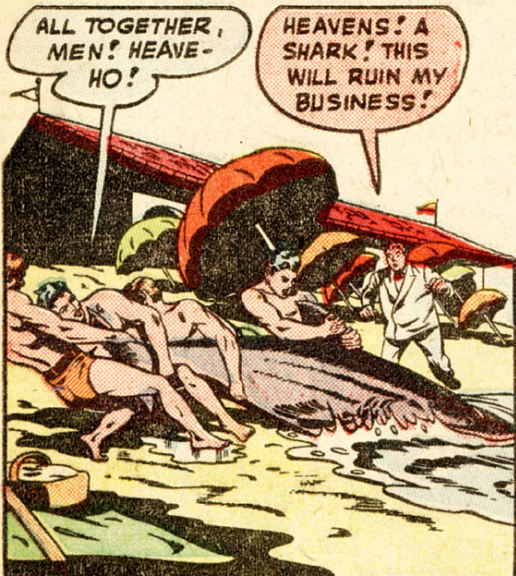
IF I EVER SEE HIM AGAIN, I'LL PUNCH HIM IN THE NOSE!

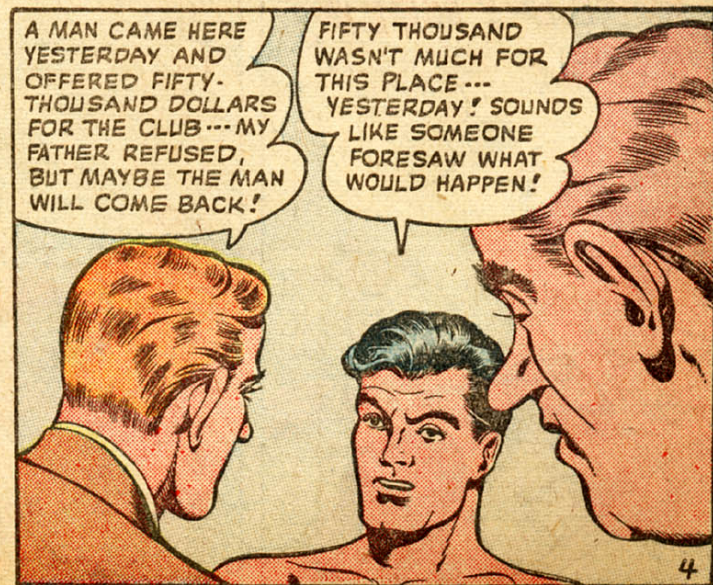
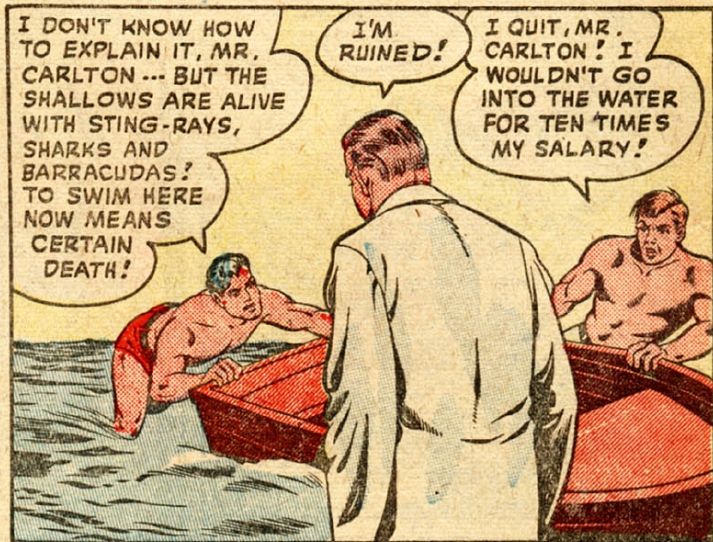
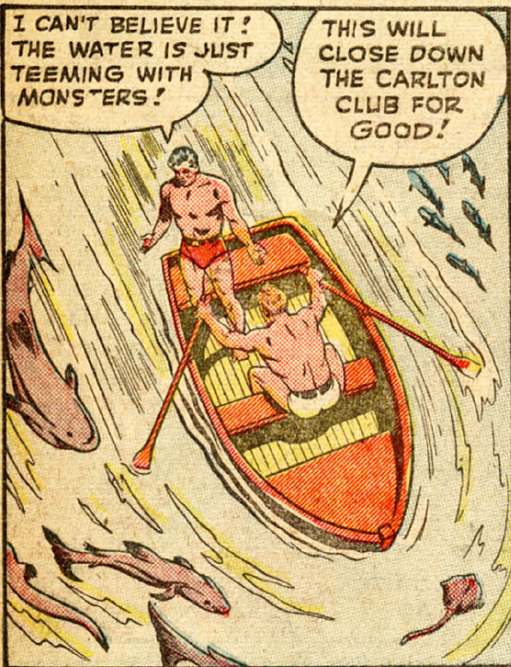
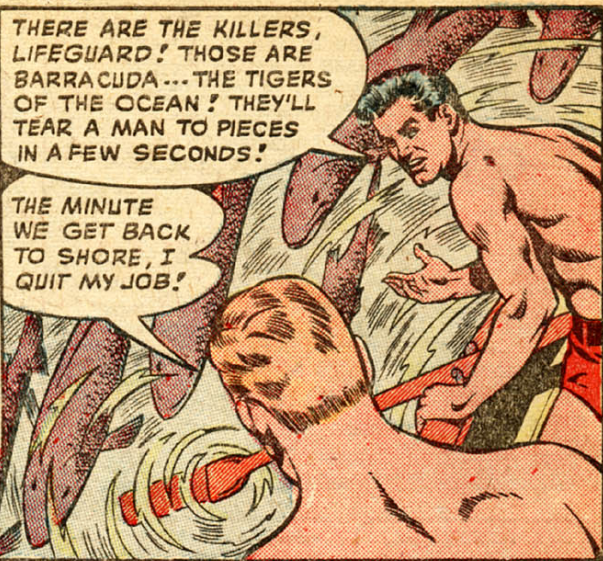
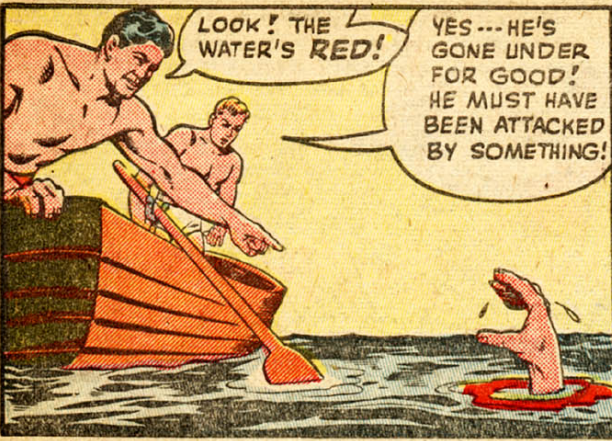
The next day...

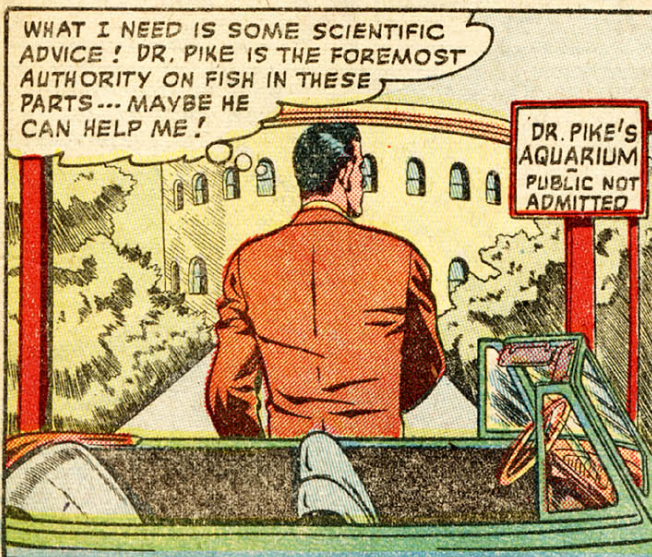
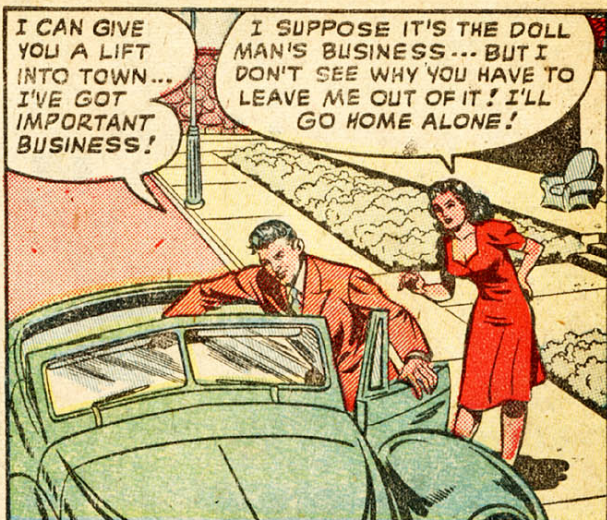
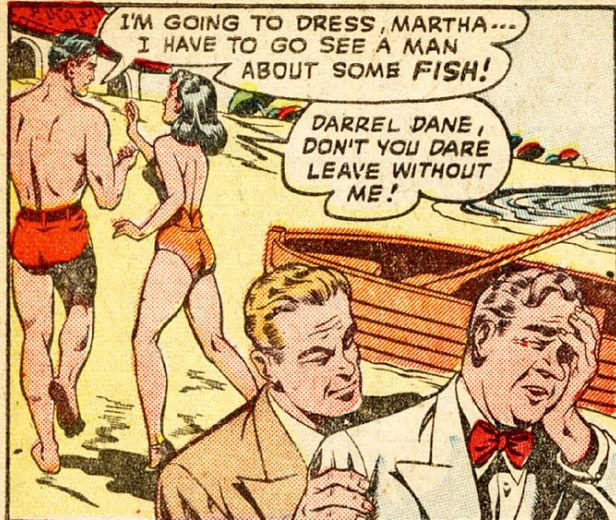
THE CARLTON CLUB IS CERTAINLY A WONDERFUL PLACE! I'M ENJOYING MYSELF, DARREL!

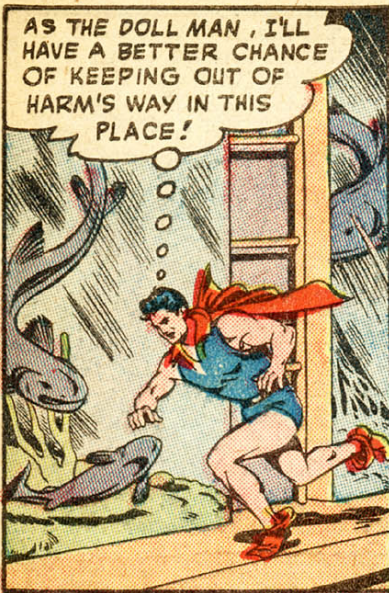
EEEE! HELP!

COULDN'T BE BETTER, MARTHA... WHAT WAS THAT?

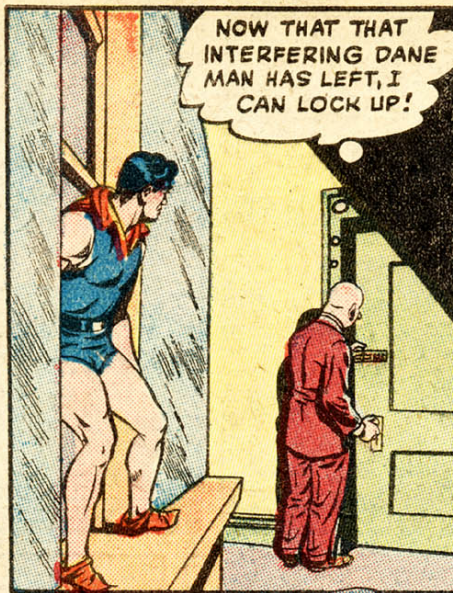




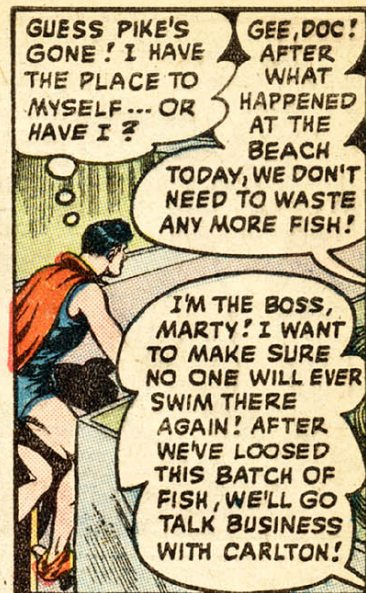




AS THE DOLL MAN, I'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE OF KEEPING OUT OF HARM'S WAY IN THIS PLACE!



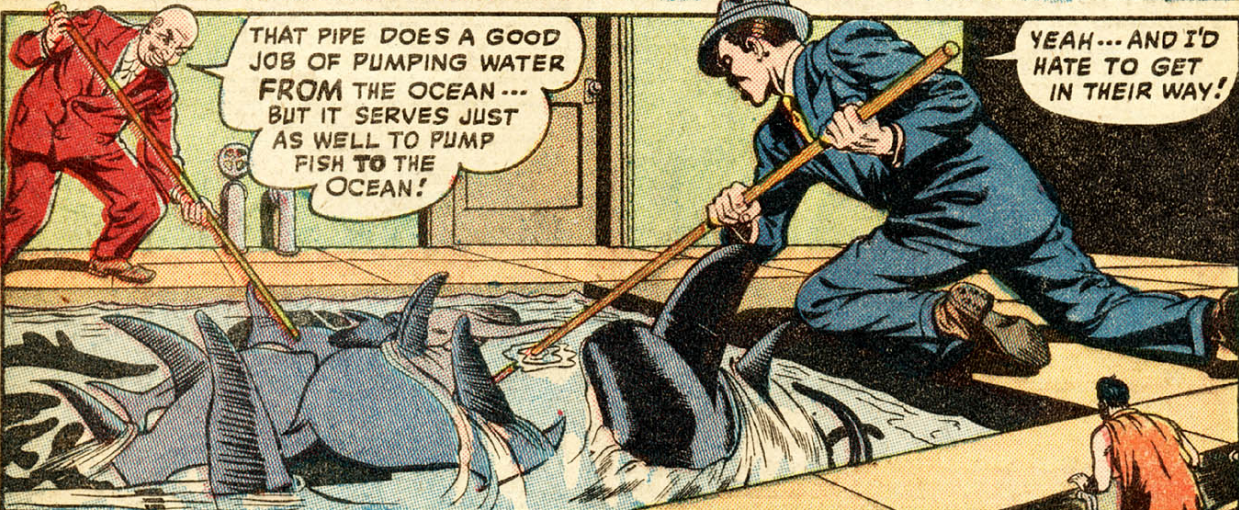
NOW THAT THAT INTERFERING DANE MAN HAS LEFT, I CAN LOCK UP!



GUESS PIKE'S GONE! I HAVE THE PLACE TO MYSELF... OR HAVE I?

GEE, DOC! AFTER WHAT HAPPENED AT THE BEACH TODAY, WE DON'T NEED TO WASTE ANY MORE FISH!

I'M THE BOSS, MARTY! I WANT TO MAKE SURE NO ONE WILL EVER SWIM THERE AGAIN! AFTER WE'VE LOOSED THIS BATCH OF FISH, WE'LL GO TALK BUSINESS WITH CARLTON!



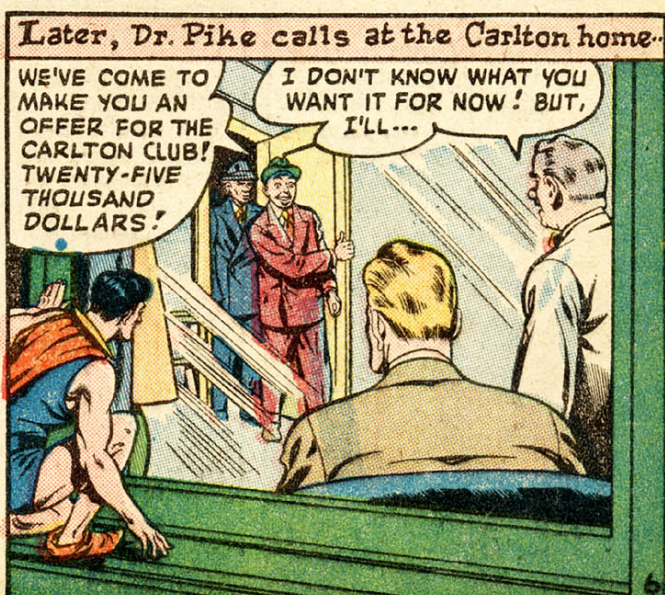
THAT PIPE DOES A GOOD JOB OF PUMPING WATER FROM THE OCEAN... BUT IT SERVES JUST AS WELL TO PUMP FISH TO THE OCEAN!

YEAH... AND I'D HATE TO GET IN THEIR WAY!



NOW LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T PERSUADE CARLTON THAT HE OUGHT TO SELL OUT!

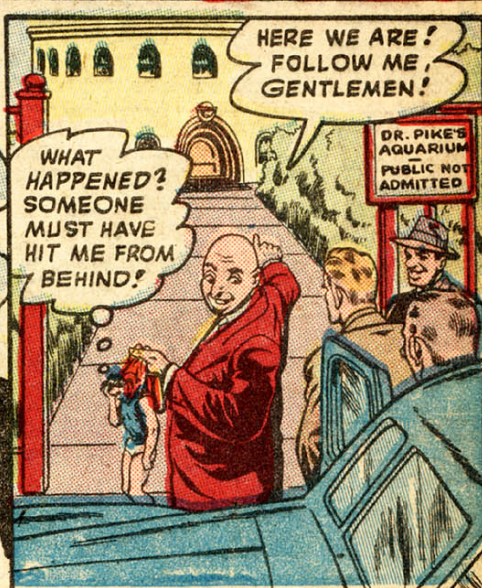
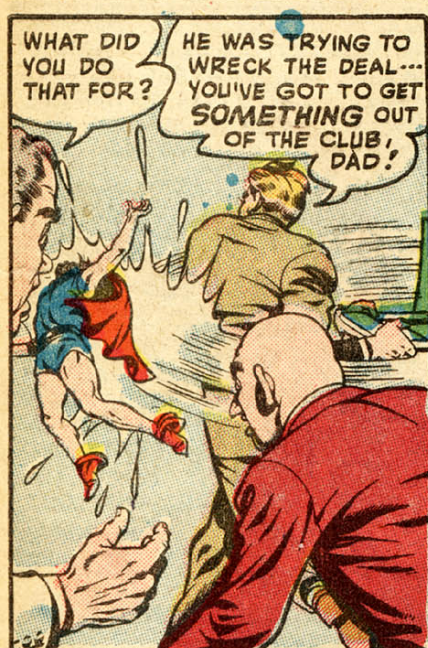
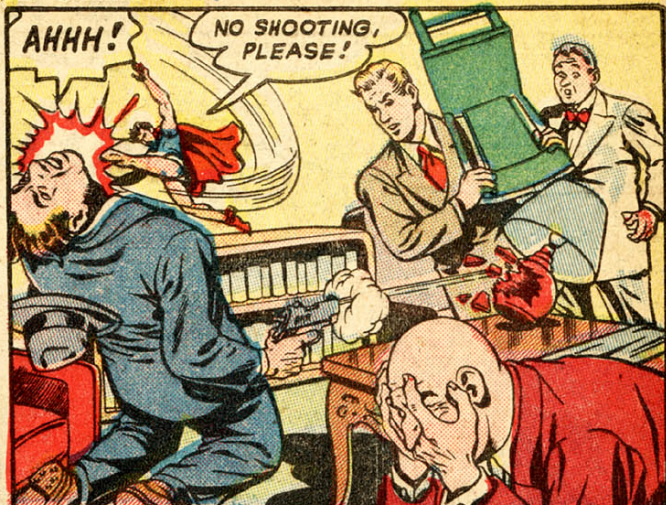
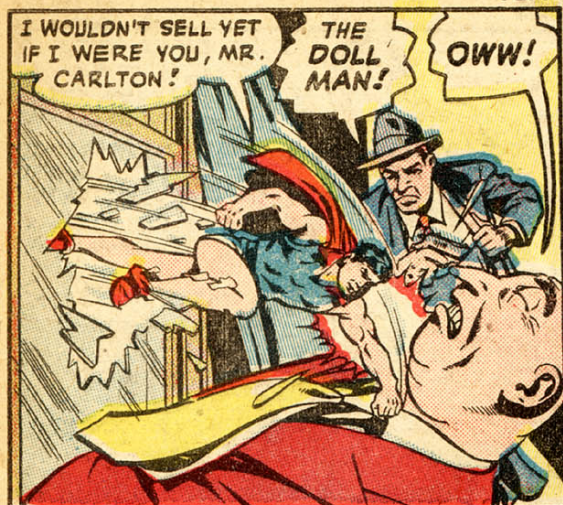
I GET THE IDEA... PIKE GETS THE SEA WATER FOR HIS FISH FROM SOMEWHERE NEAR CARLTON BEACH! THE MYSTERY IS... WHY IS HE DOING THIS?



Later, Dr. Pike calls at the Carlton home..

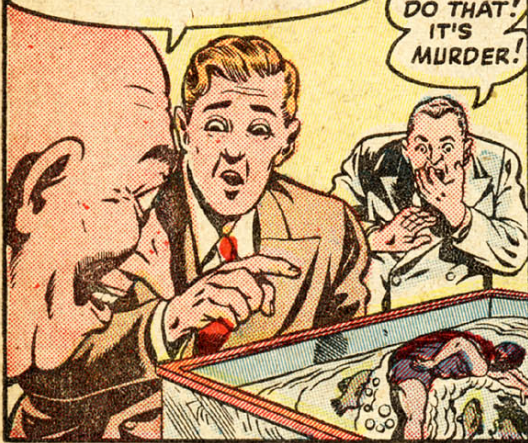
WE'VE COME TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER FOR THE CARLTON CLUB! TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT IT FOR NOW! BUT, I'LL...



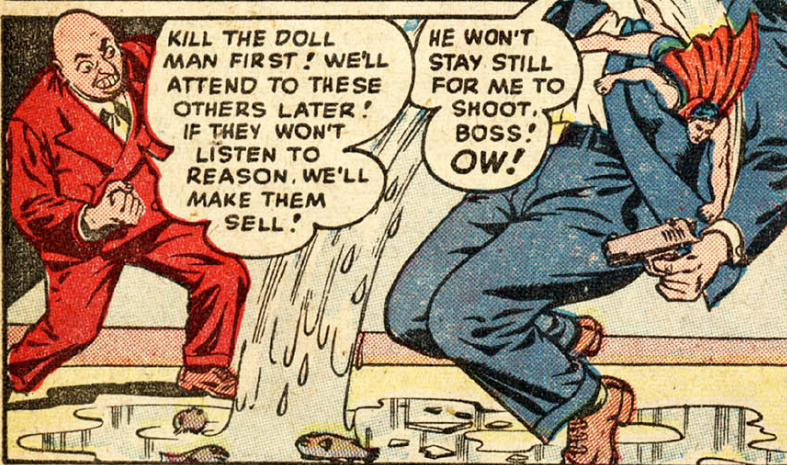
THOSE ARE **PIRANHAS**... THE TIGER FISH OF THE AMAZON! THEY ARE SMALL, BUT A FEW DOZEN OF THEM WILL TEAR A MAN APART IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT! IT'S MURDER!



KILL THE DOLL MAN FIRST! WE'LL ATTEND TO THESE OTHERS LATER! IF THEY WON'T LISTEN TO REASON, WE'LL MAKE THEM SELL!

HE WON'T STAY STILL FOR ME TO SHOOT, BOSS! OW!



I'LL SHOW THAT INTERFERING LITTLE RUNT...

OOF!

NOT SO FAST, DOCTOR!



IF I'D KNOWN THE KIND OF MAN YOU WERE, I'D HAVE HIT YOU, INSTEAD OF THE DOLL MAN... **HEY!**

THESE CREATURES ARE TOO TOUGH FOR ME! I'LL HAVE TO BREAK THE GLASS!



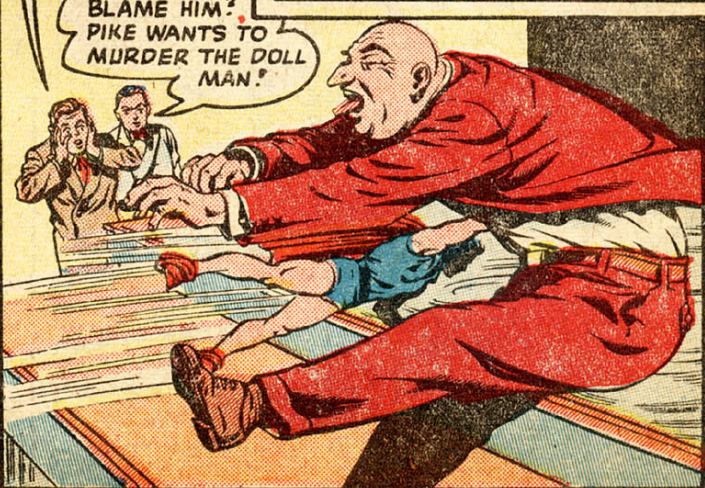
MARTY ALWAYS WAS INCOMPETENT! I CAN DEFEND MYSELF... BUT I'D BETTER DO IT ON MY OWN GROUND!

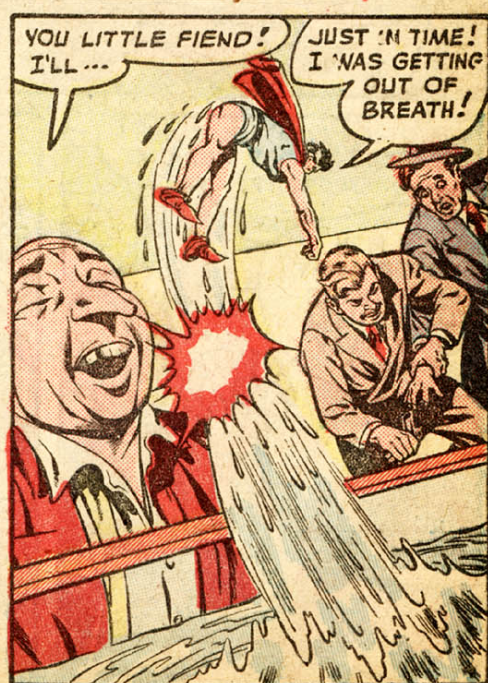
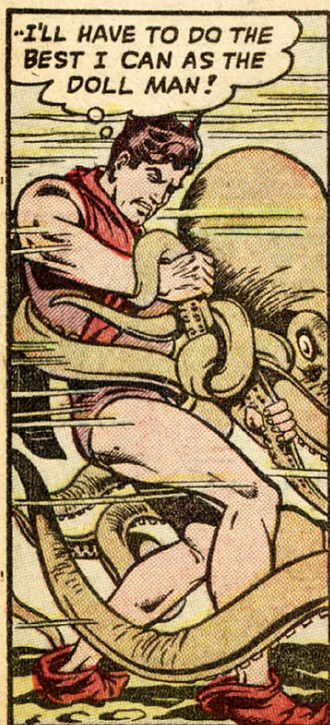
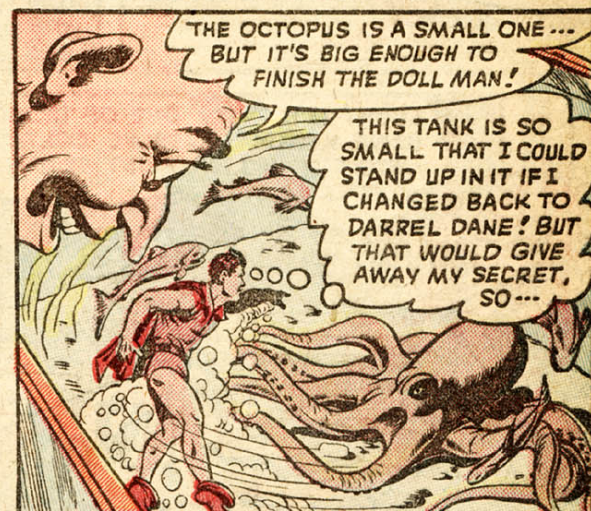
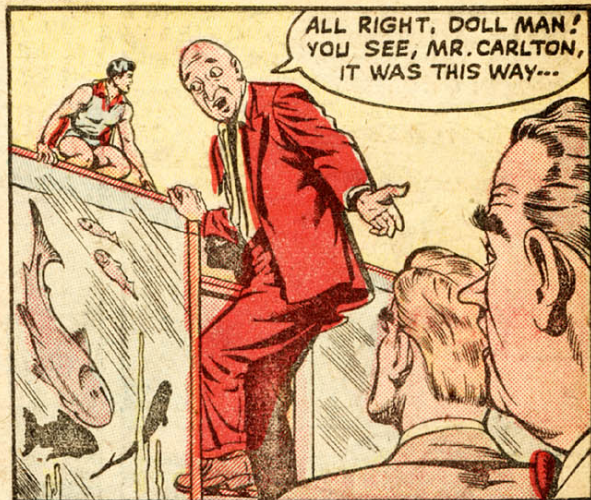
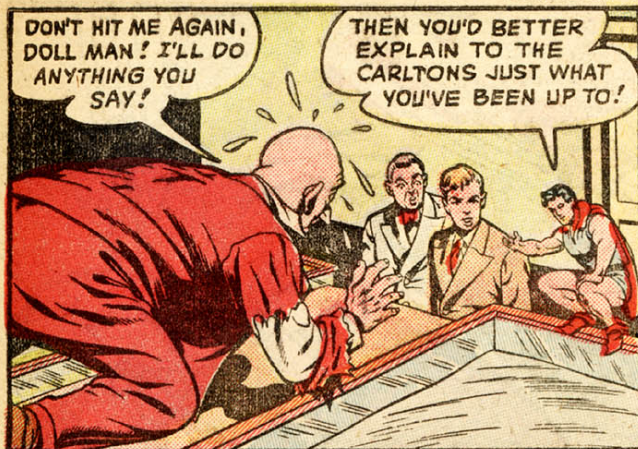


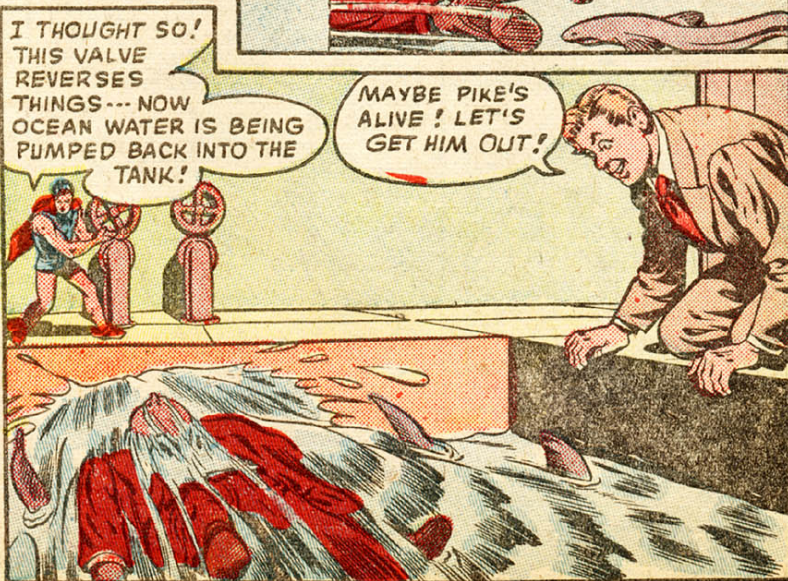
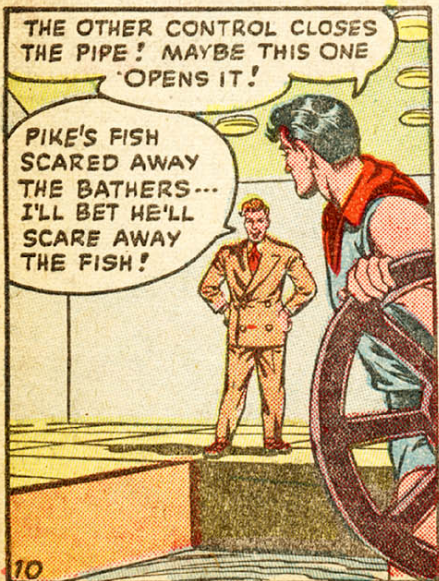
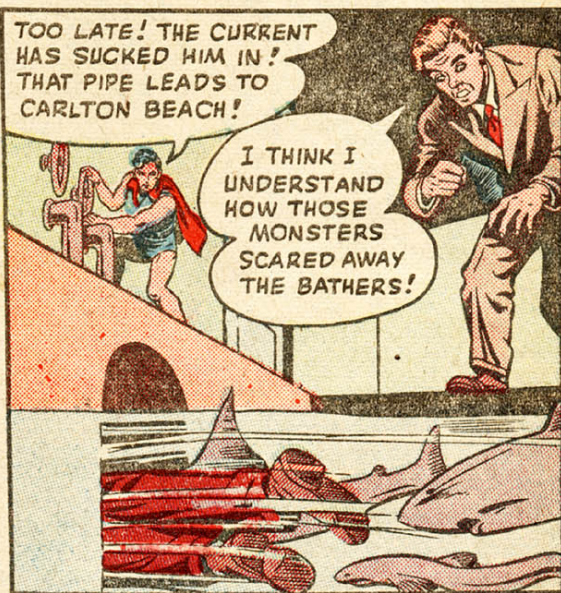
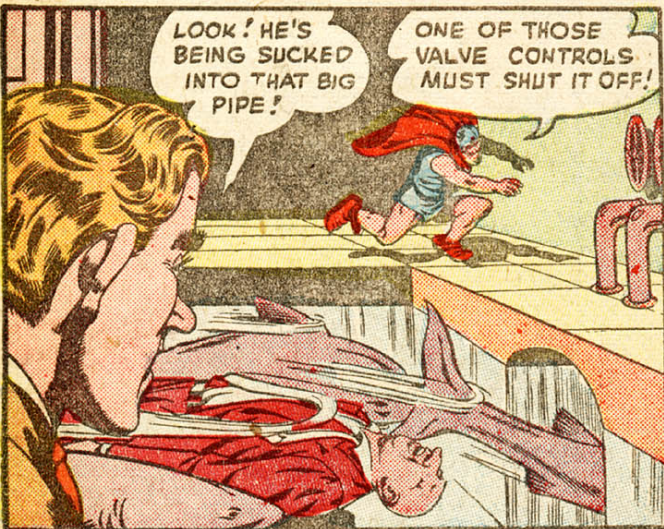
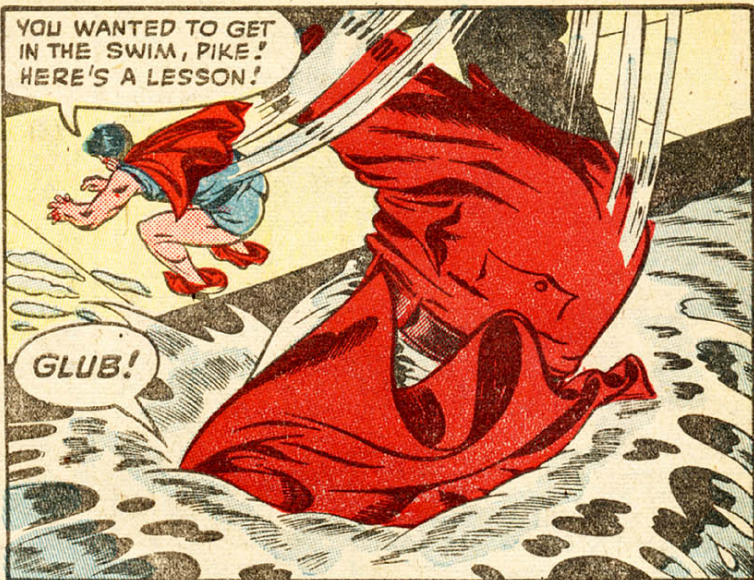
DON'T GO YET, DR. PIKE! THERE ARE A LOT OF QUESTIONS I WANT TO ASK YOU!

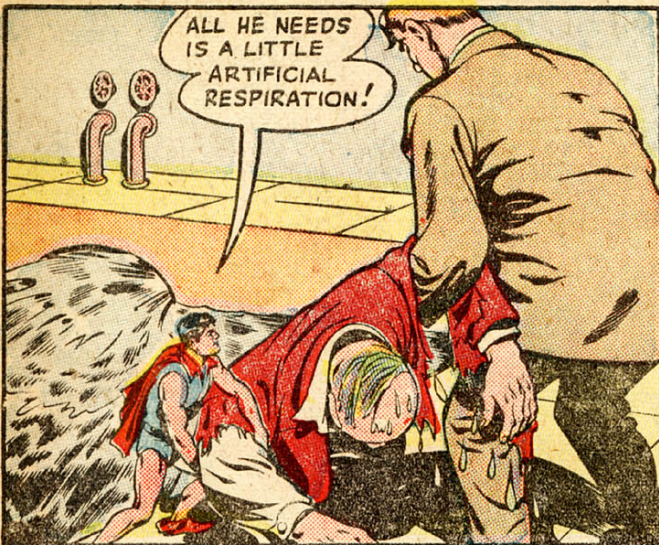
IF THE DOLL MAN HITS HIM ONCE MORE, HE WON'T BE RECOGNIZABLE!

CAN YOU BLAME HIM? PIKE WANTS TO MURDER THE DOLL MAN!

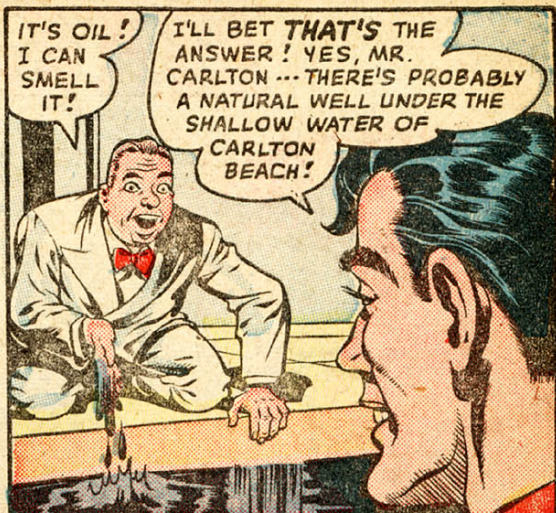








ALL HE NEEDS
IS A LITTLE
ARTIFICIAL
RESPIRATION!



IT'S OIL!
I CAN
SMELL
IT!

I'LL BET THAT'S THE
ANSWER! YES, MR.
CARLTON ... THERE'S PROBABLY
A NATURAL WELL UNDER THE
SHALLOW WATER OF
CARLTON
BEACH!



I--I FOUND THERE WAS OIL IN
THE SHALLOW WATER OF YOUR
BEACH WHEN IT STARTED
COMING THROUGH THIS PIPE,
WHICH DRAWS UP SALT
WATER FOR MY FISH!
THAT'S WHY I TRIED
TO BUY YOU OUT!

THEN THAT
MUST MEAN...



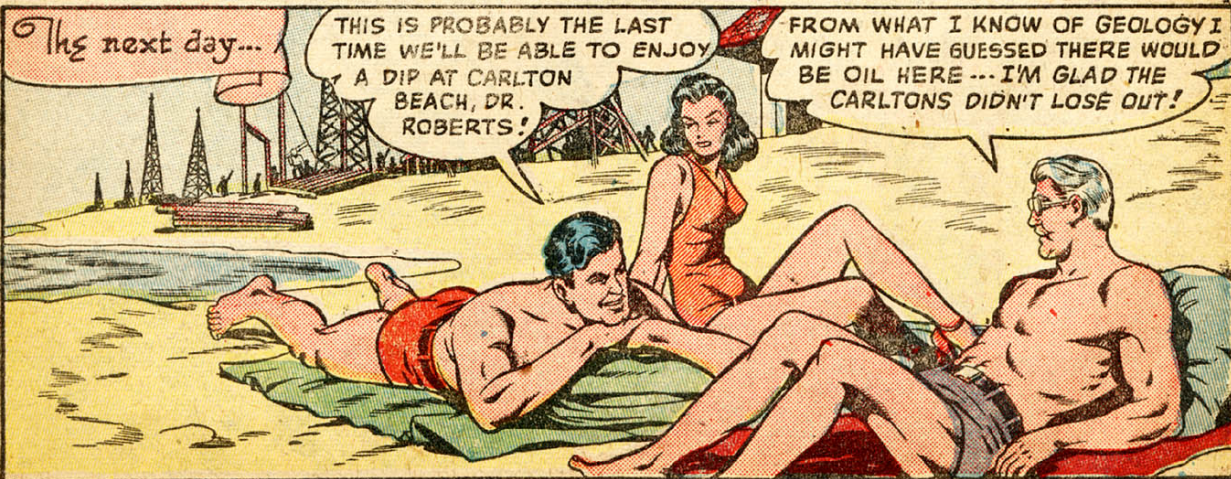
IT MEANS
THAT YOUR
PROPERTY
IS WORTH
EVEN MORE
THAN YOU
THOUGHT!

AND, THANKS
TO THE DOLL
MAN, WE
DIDN'T
SELL!



I'LL JUST
CALL THE
POLICE
FOR OUR
FRIENDS!

I GUESS YOU
WON'T HAVE TO
LEARN THE RESORT
BUSINESS, BOB! IT
WILL BE THE OIL
BUSINESS FROM NOW
ON!

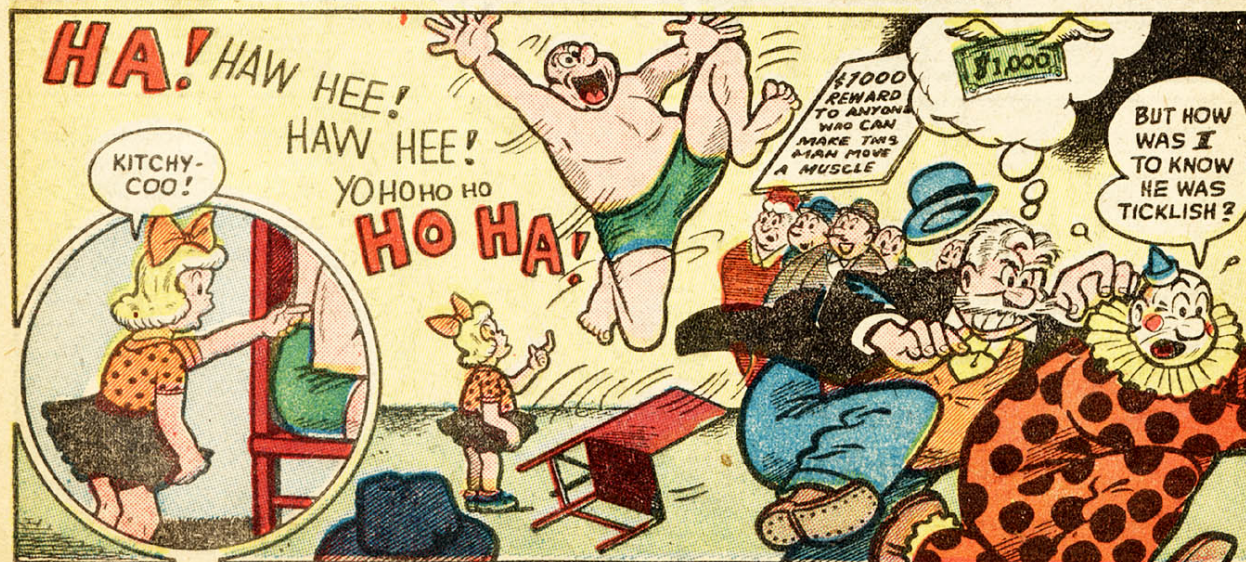
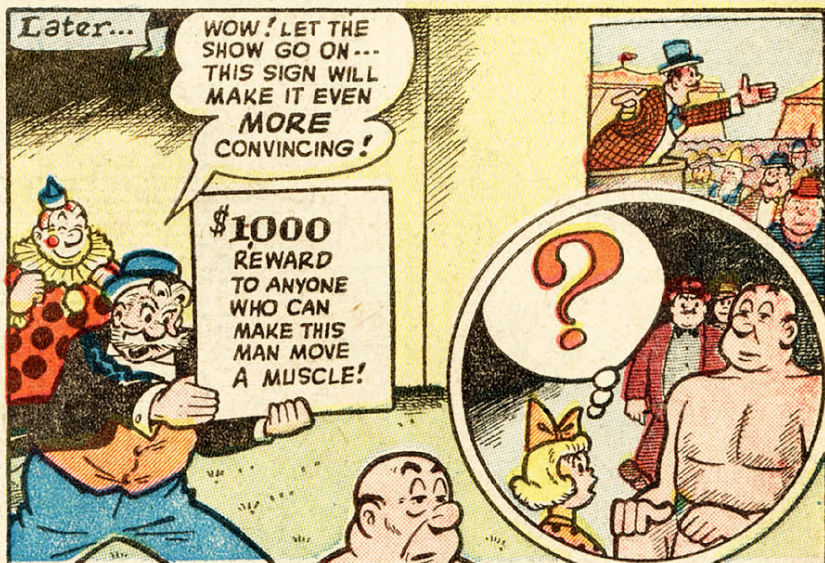
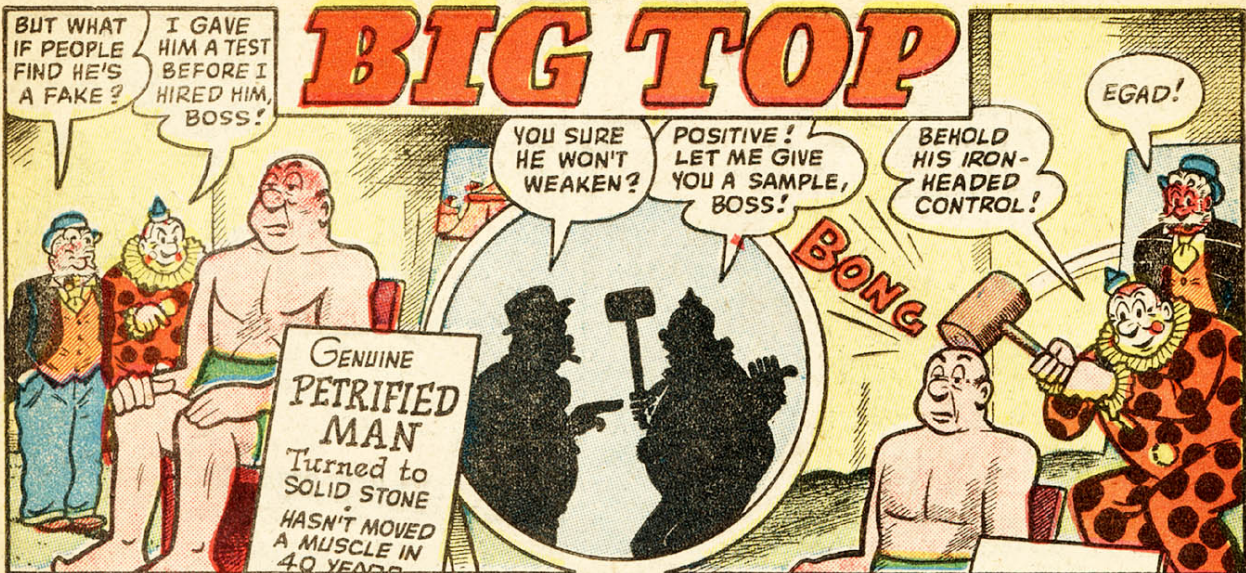


The next day...

THIS IS PROBABLY THE LAST
TIME WE'LL BE ABLE TO ENJOY
A DIP AT CARLTON
BEACH, DR.
ROBERTS!

FROM WHAT I KNOW OF GEOLOGY I
MIGHT HAVE GUESSED THERE WOULD
BE OIL HERE ... I'M GLAD THE
CARLTONS DIDN'T LOSE OUT!

BIG TOP



BIG TOP

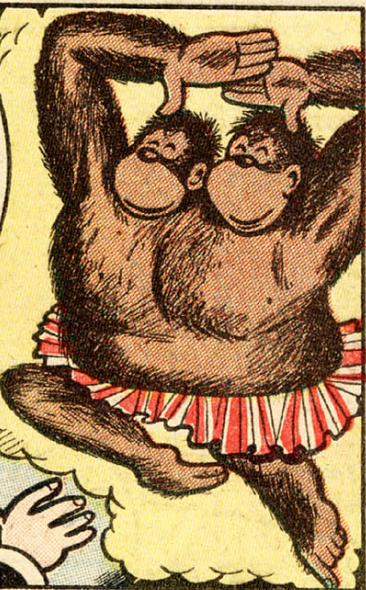
YOU WANT A JOB AS
HYPNOTIST?
OH, DON'T BE SILLY!

THEN YOU
SHALL, SIR--
YOU SHALL!

WHAT IN BLAZES
WOULD A CIRCUS
DO WITH A
HYPNOTIST?

COULD YOUR
CIRCUS DO
WITH A TWO-
HEADED, TOE-
DANCING
ORANGUTAN?

THAT, SIR,
I WOULD
LIKE TO
SEE!



WOW! WOULD
TWO---THREE---
FIVE GRAND
A WEEK BE O.K.
FOR THIS
MARVEL?

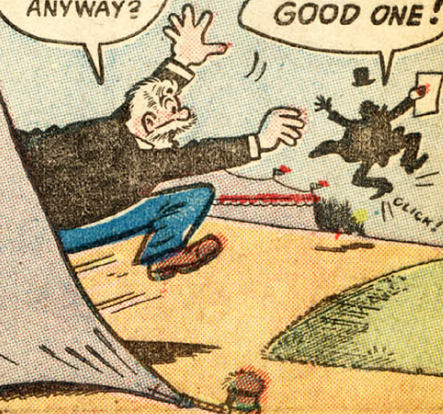
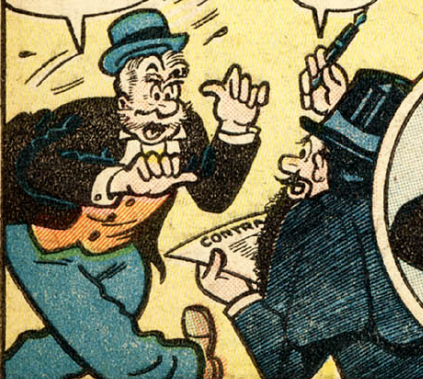
QUITE...
AND HERE'S
A BLANK
CONTRACT...
SIGN HERE,
SIR!

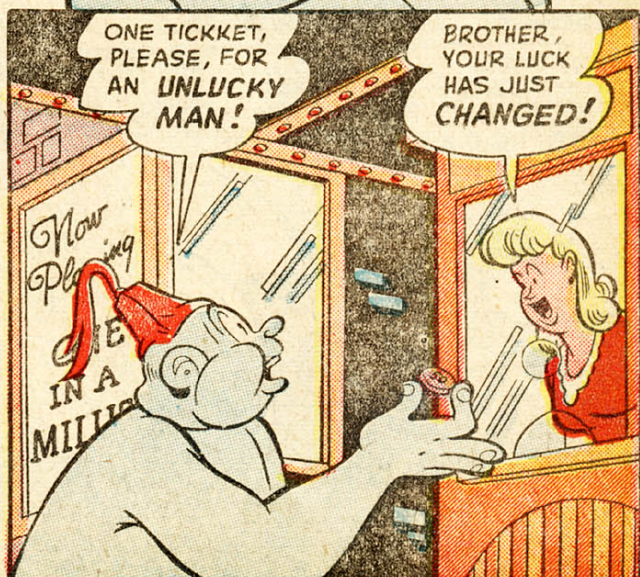
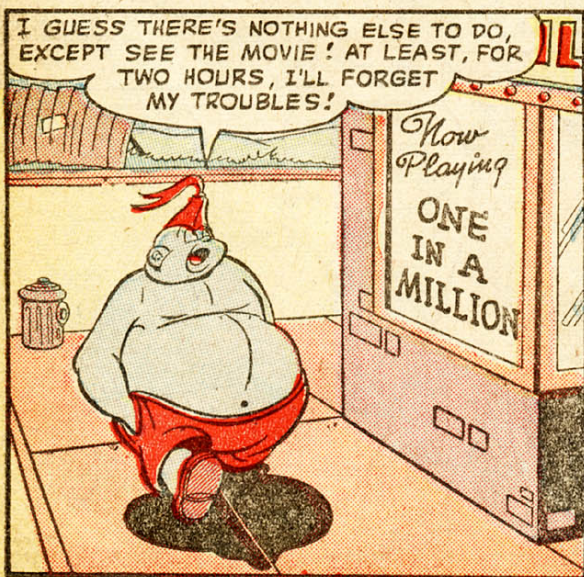
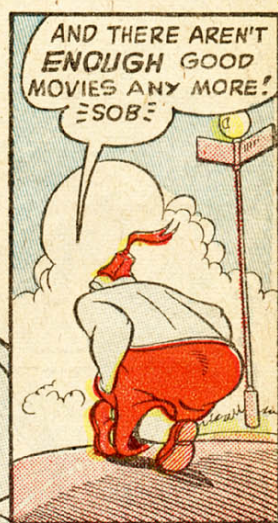
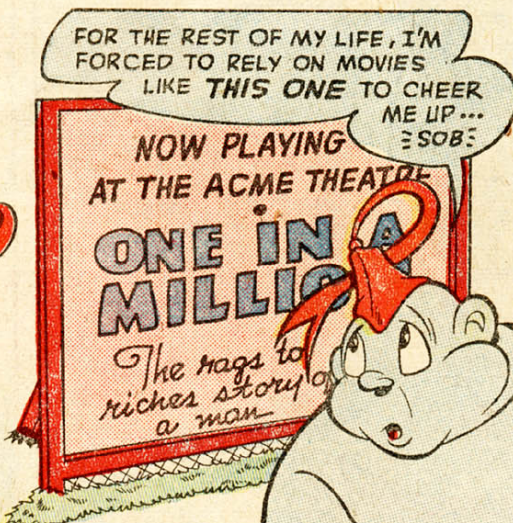
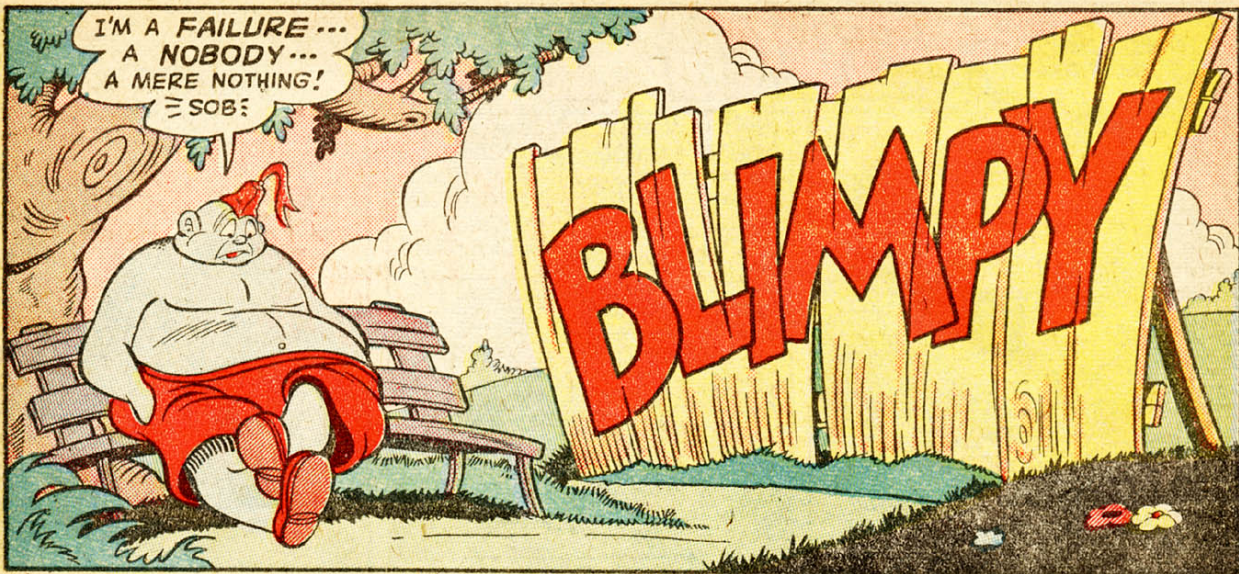
30 seconds
later...

WAIT!
WHAT
GOES
HERE?

WHAT DID I
JUST HIRE,
ANYWAY?

A HYPNOTIST,
BOSS--- A
GOOD ONE!





HMMM! PECULIAR PEOPLE,
THESE CASHIERS! SHE
MUST SEE TOO MANY
MOVIES!

THERE HE IS! THE LUCKY
FELLOW! SNAP HIS
PICTURE!

YES,
SIR!

BOX
OFFICE

NOW
PLAYING

HOLD IT! YEP!
I'VE GOT IT!

GULP! I-I DON'T
UNDERSTAND!
WHAT HAPPENED?

M'BOY! FROM NOW ON
YOU'RE GOING TO LEAD A
NEW LIFE! YOU'RE ONE
IN A MILLION!

HUH? A
MILLION?

YES, SIR! LOOK AT YOUR
TICKET! YOU'RE THE **MILLIONTH**
CUSTOMER TO ENTER THE
ACME THEATER! WE'VE
WAITED FOR THIS
OPPORTUNITY FOR
TWENTY YEARS!

WOW!

TICKET NO.
1,000,000
**ACME
THEATER**

Daily Item

**BLIMPY STRIKES
IT RICH**

MAYOR GIVES BLIMPY
KEY TO CITY.

BLIMPY MADE HONORARY
MEMBER OF BUSINESS
COMMISSION, TO MAKE A
GUEST APPEARANCE AT
ACME THEATRE!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!
HERE'S THE MOMENT YOU'VE
BEEN WAITING FOR!
PRESENTING, IN PERSON,
BLIMPY... **MR. MILLION!**

HOORAY!

BRAVO!

AHEM!

Mr. Million

HE WAS AN **ORDINARY** INDIVIDUAL, JUST LIKE YOU AND ME... NOBODY CARED ABOUT HIM, NOTHING EVER HAPPENED TO HIM... UNTIL THE DAY HE... WELL...

...GO AHEAD, BLIMPY, TELL YOUR SUCCESS STORY IN YOUR OWN WORDS!

I BOUGHT TICKET NUMBER **ONE MILLION**, THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!

DID YOU HAVE HIM SIGN THE **PUBLICITY CONTRACT**, JOE? WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A MILLION WITH THIS CHARACTER!

IT'S BEEN TAKEN CARE OF!

HOORAY!

Later...

WELL, FELLOWS... HOW'M I DOING?

GREAT! THE NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY COLUMNS HAVE BROUGHT OFFERS FROM BUSINESS MEN ALL OVER THE COUNTRY! THEY WANT YOU TO TEST THEIR PRODUCTS! HERE! TAKE A LOOK!

GULP: WHAT'S THIS? "BLIMPY TO WALK A **HIGH WIRE BETWEEN TWO BUILDINGS**!" WHY, THAT'S ME!

SURE! I'VE ARRANGED THE STUNT WITH THE NATIONAL WIRE CO.! THEY'RE WILLING TO PAY YOU **TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS** TO TEST THE STRENGTH OF THEIR PRODUCT!

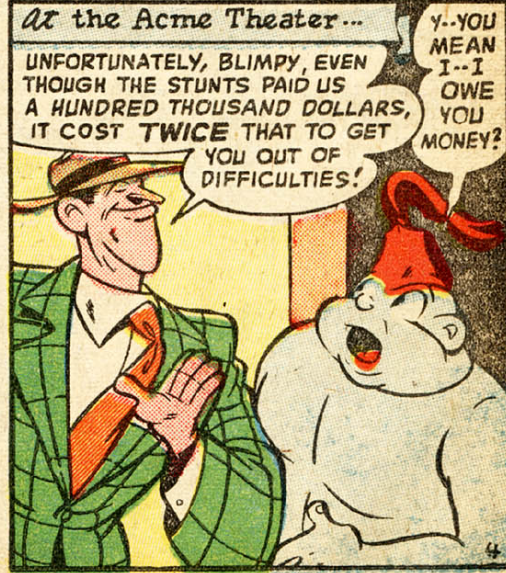
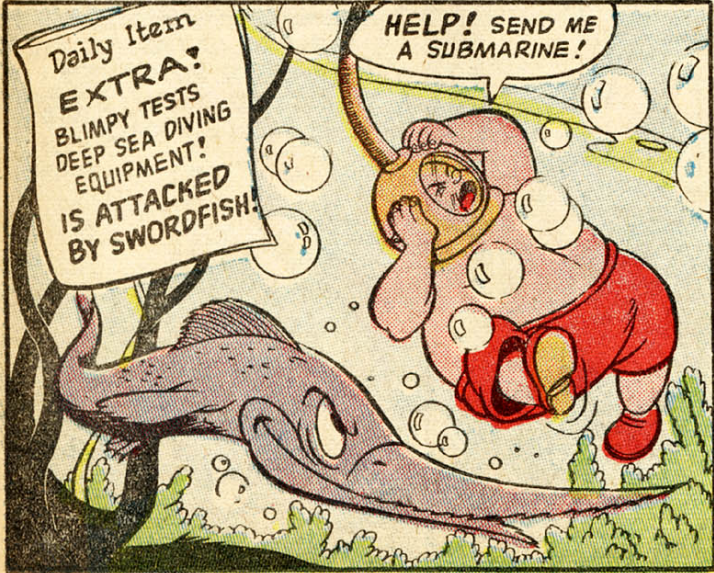
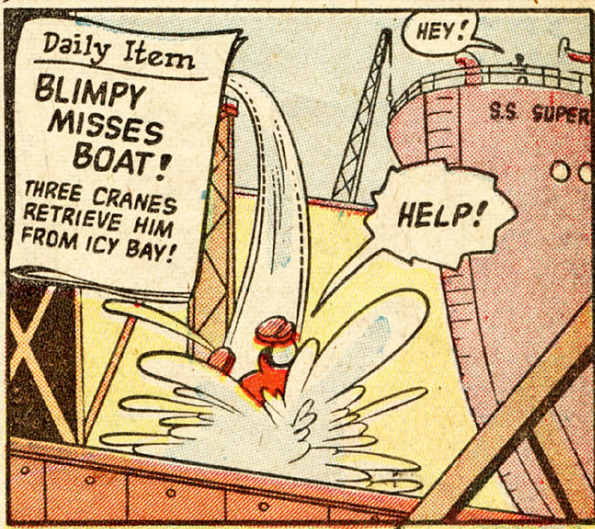
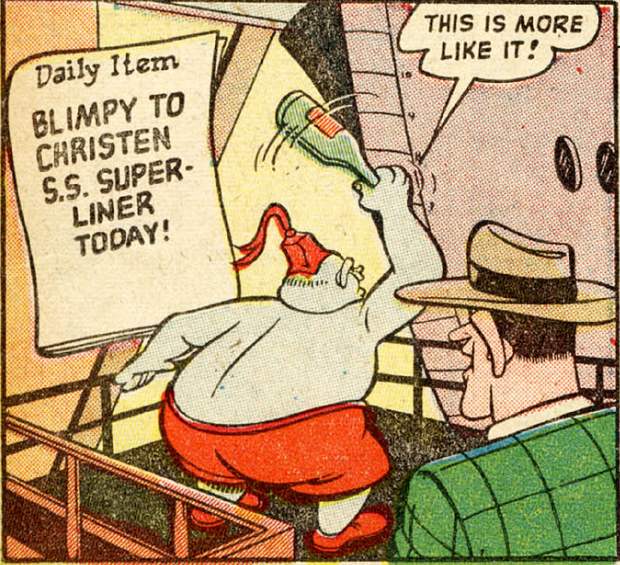
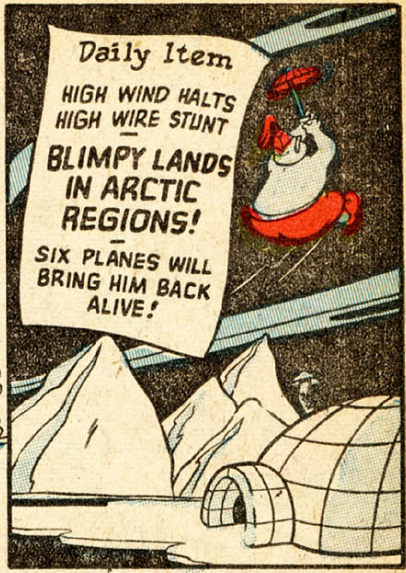
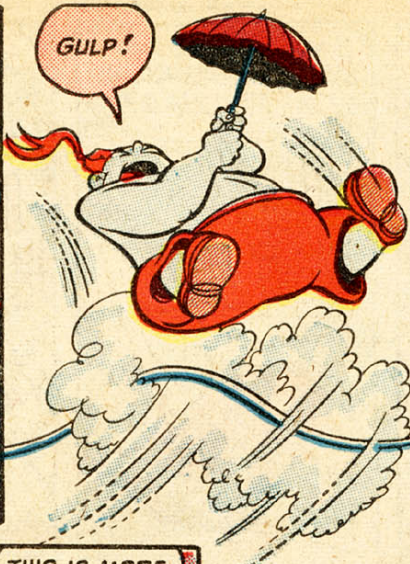
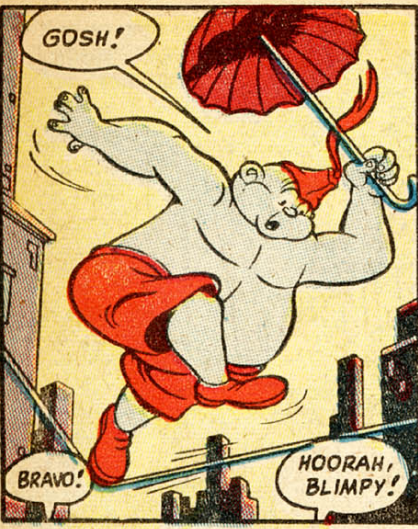
OH!

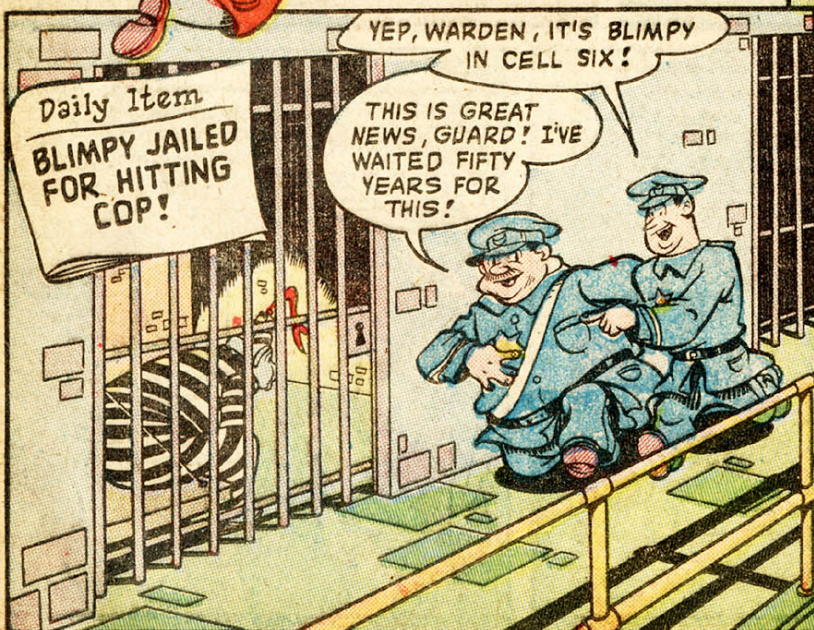
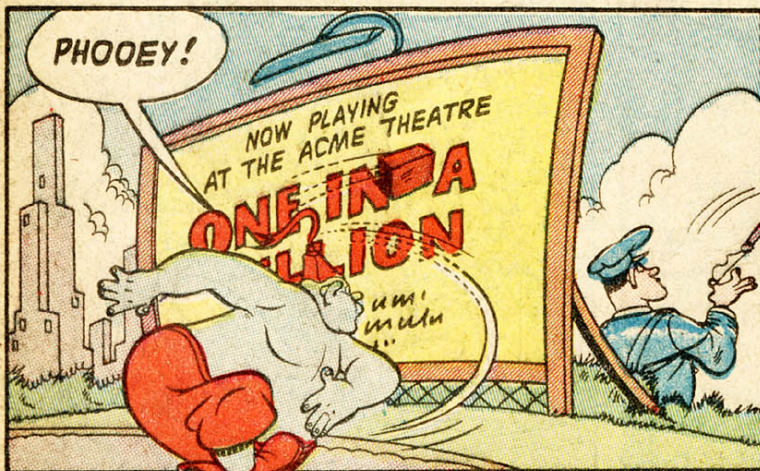
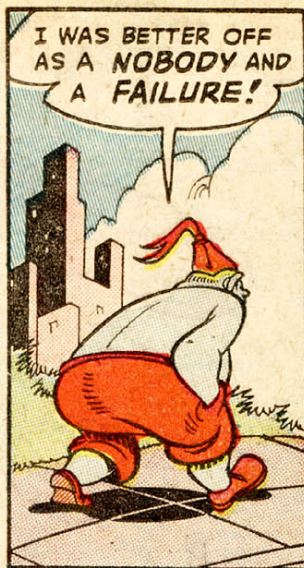
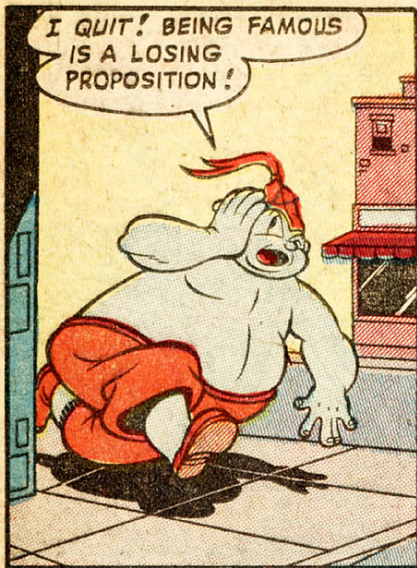
MUST I, JOE? **GULP:**

SURE! YOU'RE A FAMOUS PERSONALITY! DO YOU WANT TO DISAPPOINT YOUR PUBLIC?

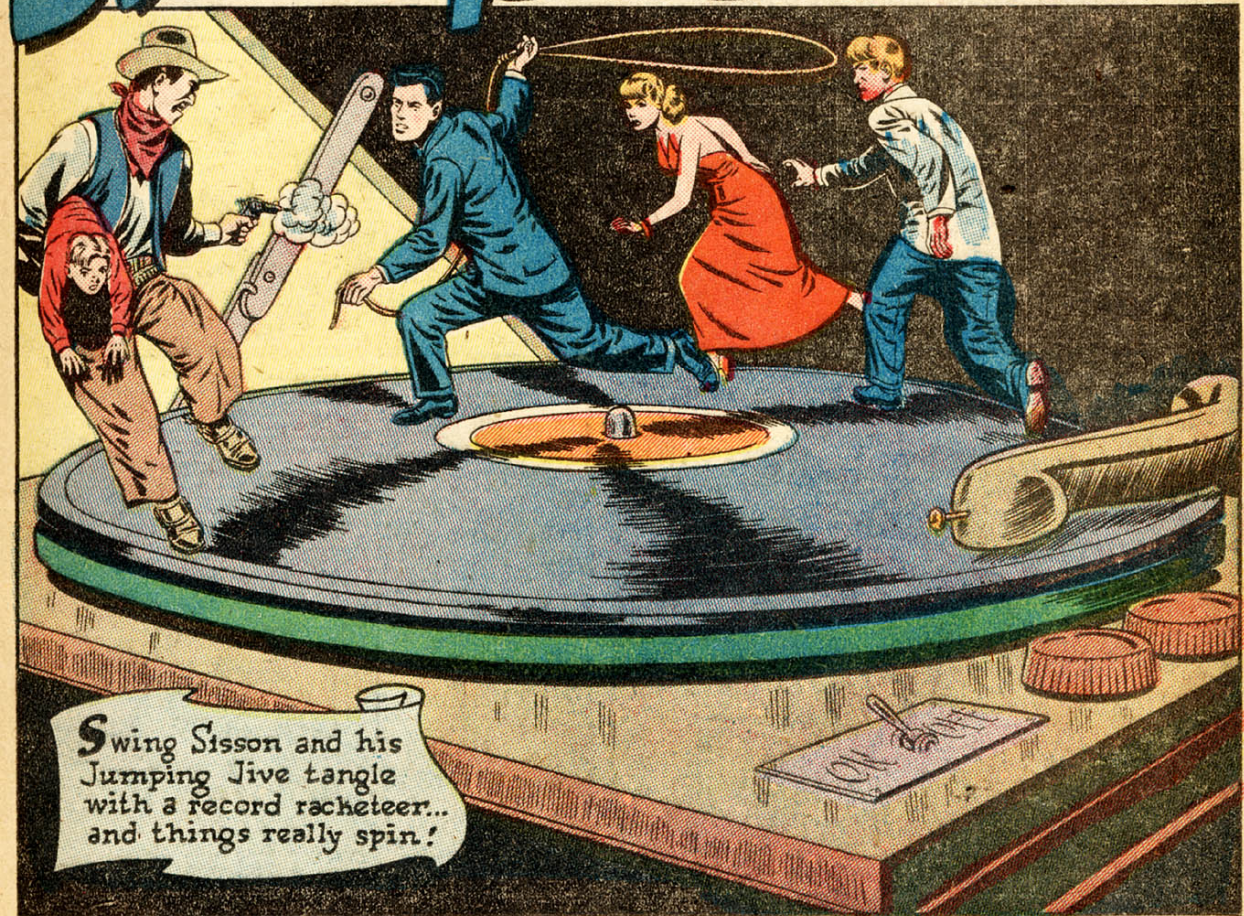
Daily Item
POLICE ROPE OFF STREETS!
BLIMPY TO WALK WIRE TODAY!

START

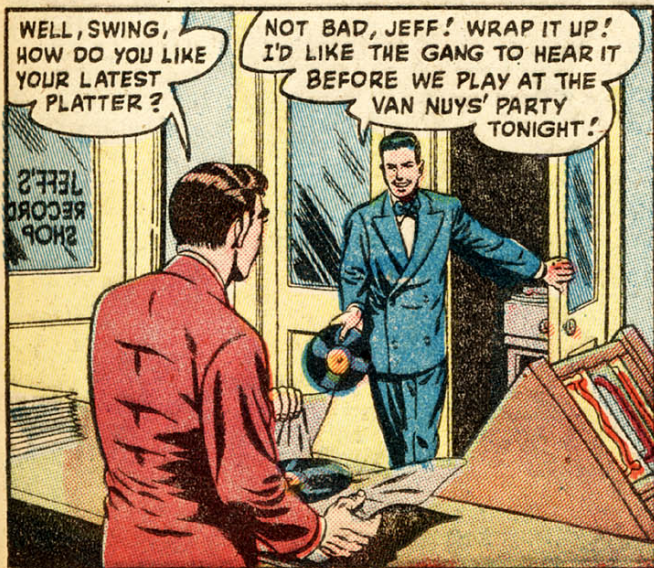




Swing Sisson

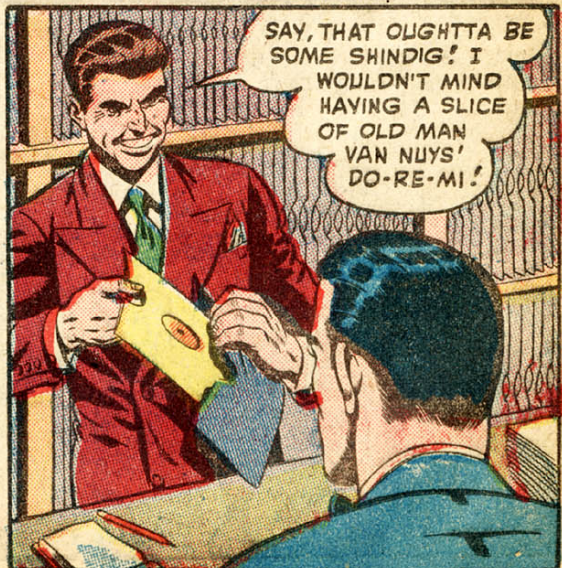


Swing Sisson and his
Jumping Jive tangle
with a record racketeer...
and things really spin!

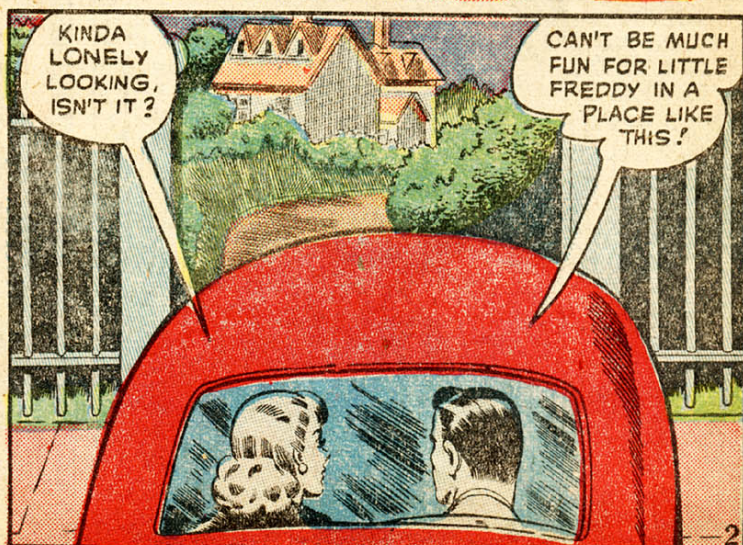
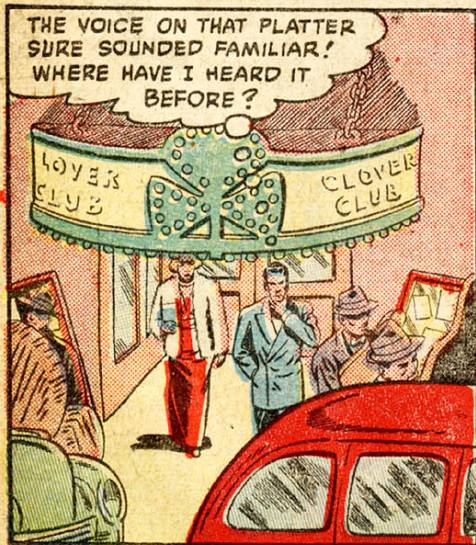
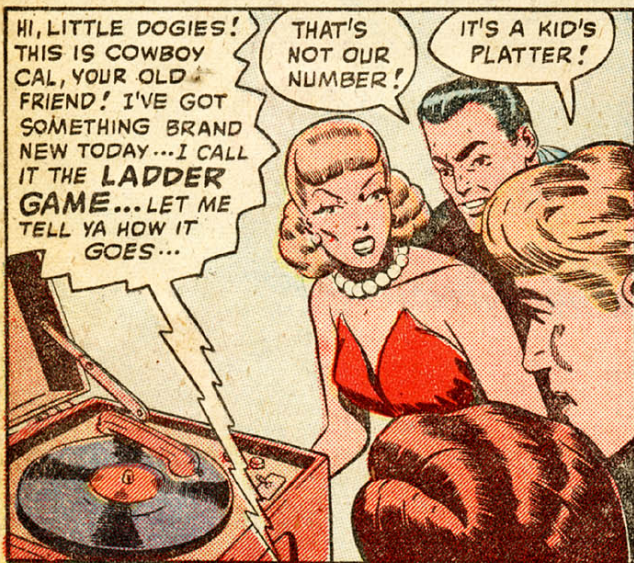


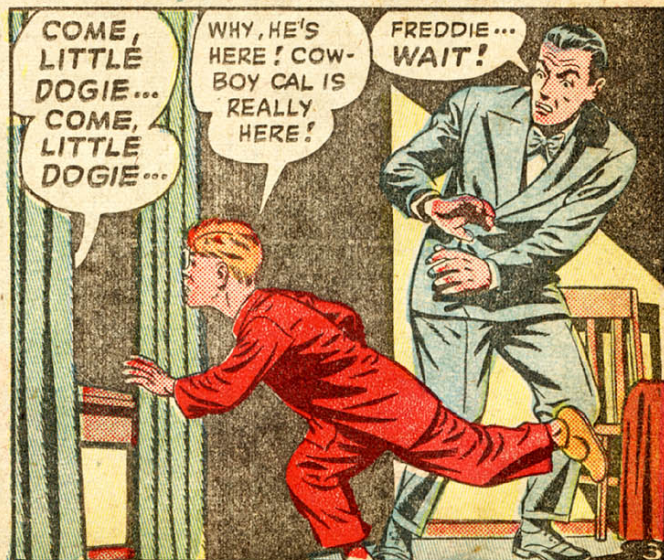
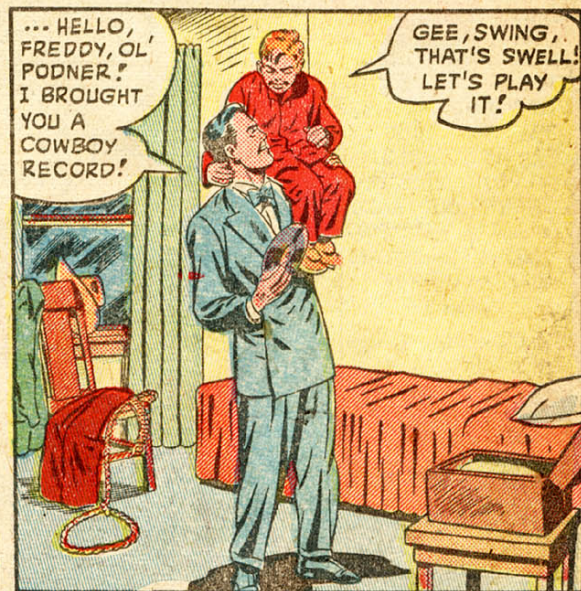
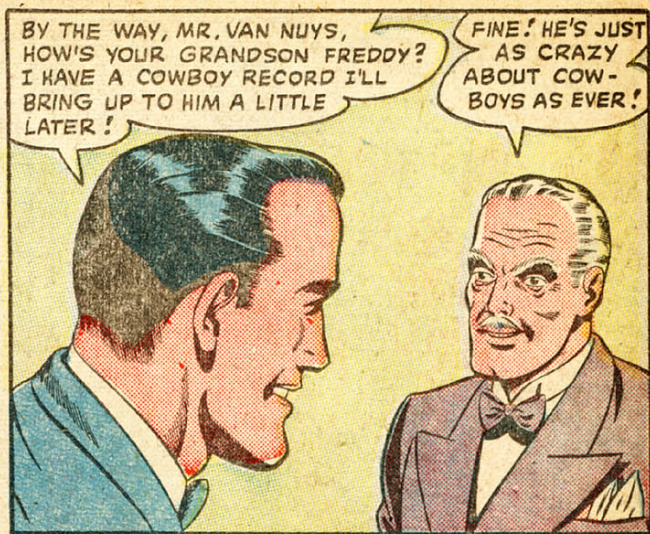
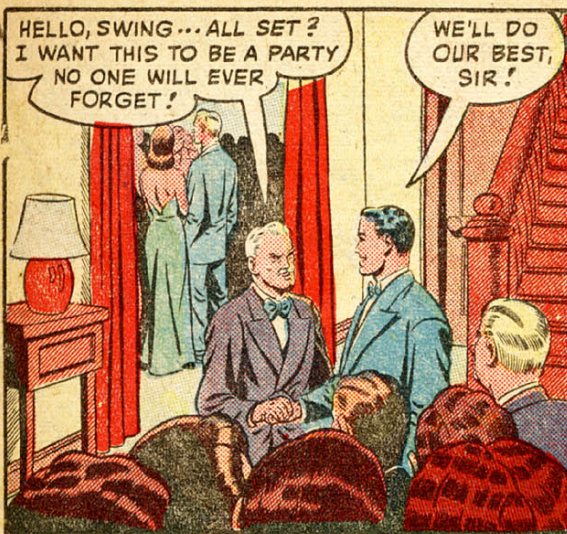
WELL, SWING,
HOW DO YOU LIKE
YOUR LATEST
PLATTER?

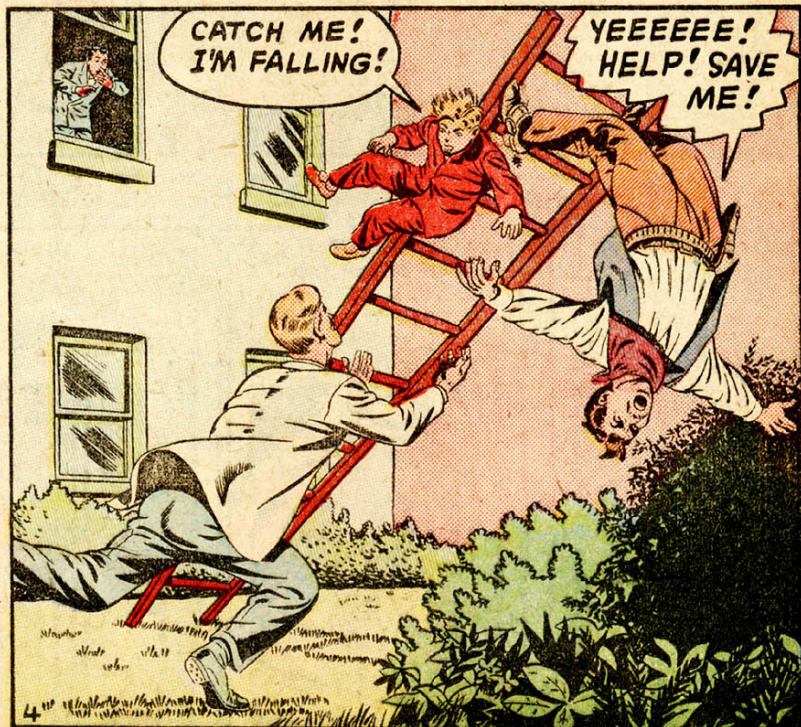
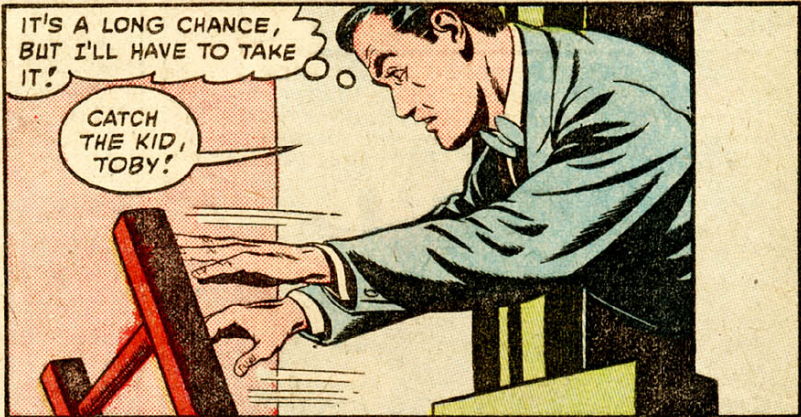
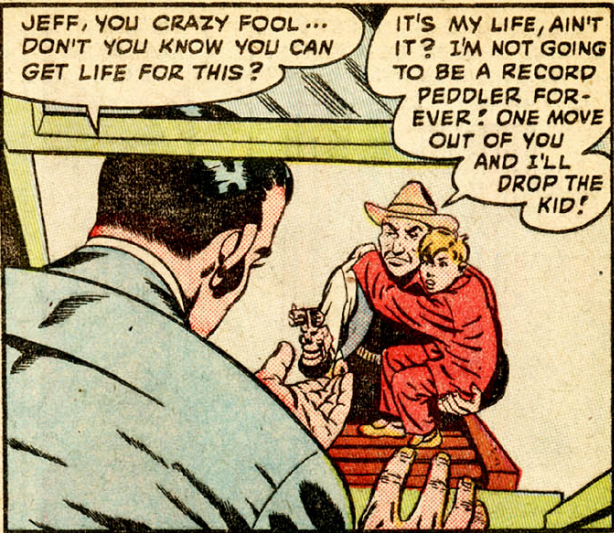
NOT BAD, JEFF! WRAP IT UP!
I'D LIKE THE GANG TO HEAR IT
BEFORE WE PLAY AT THE
VAN NUYS' PARTY
TONIGHT!

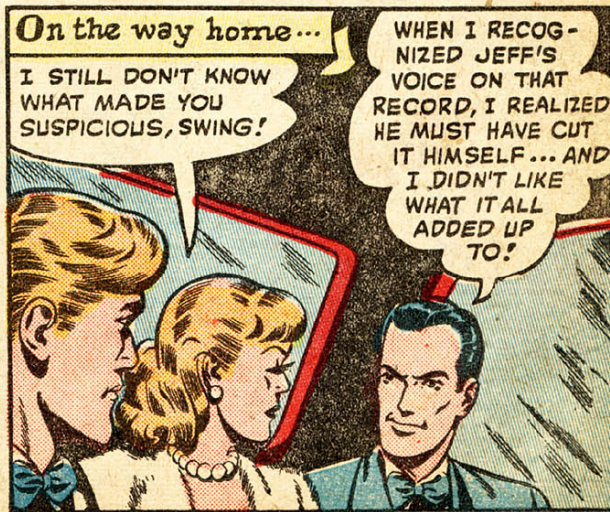
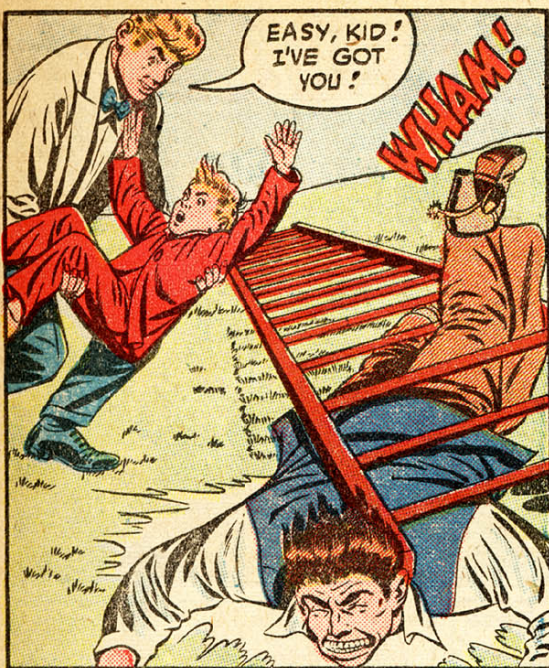


SAY, THAT OUGHTTA BE
SOME SHINDIG! I
WOULDN'T MIND
HAVING A SLICE
OF OLD MAN
VAN NUYS'
DO-RE-MI!









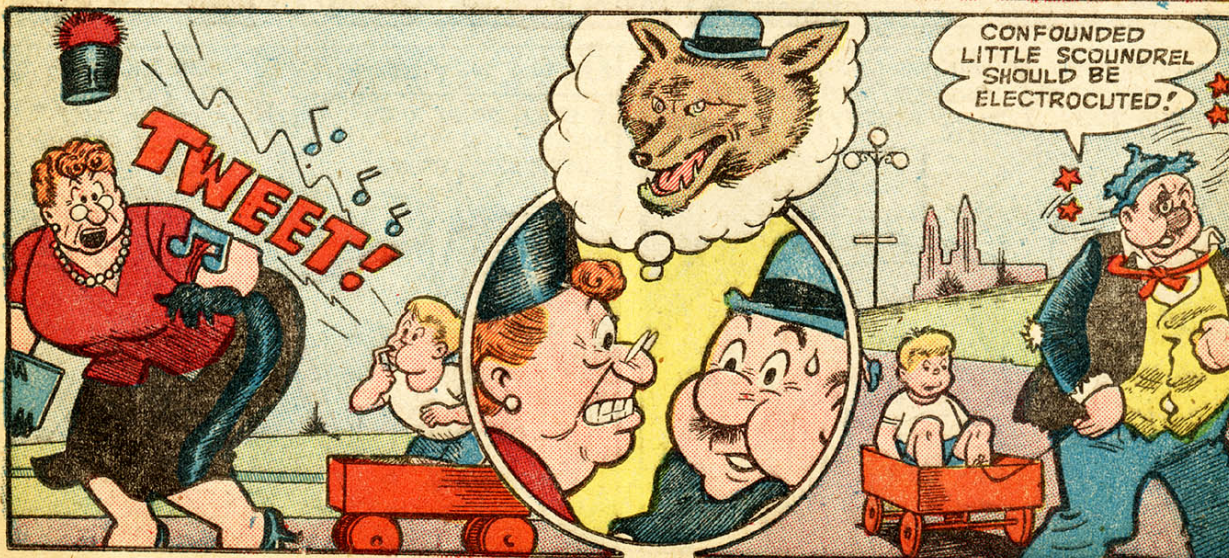
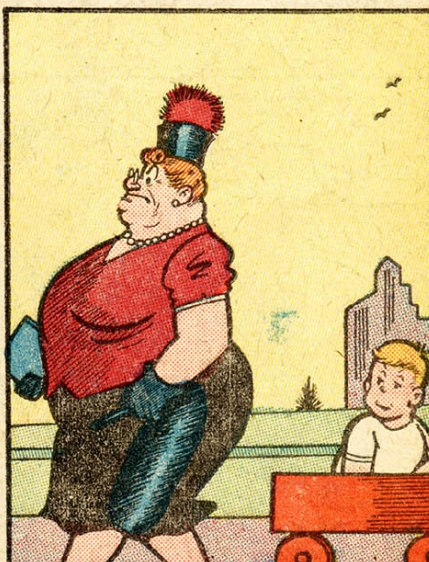
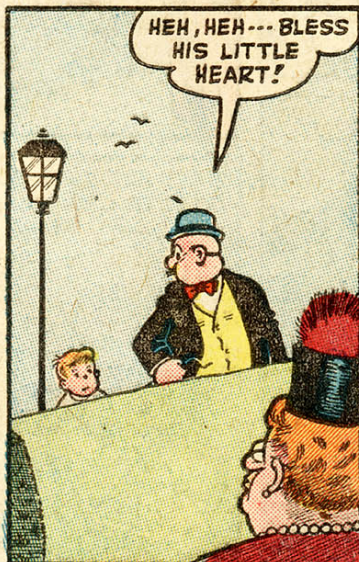
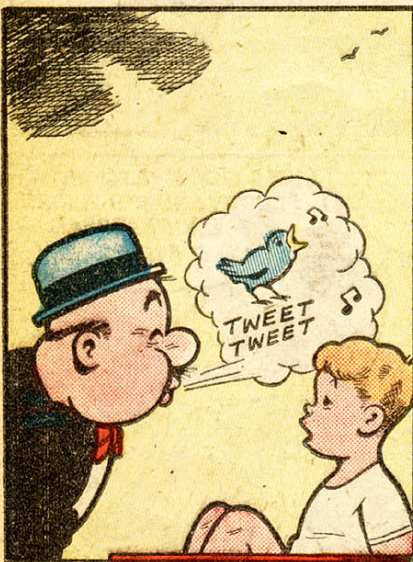
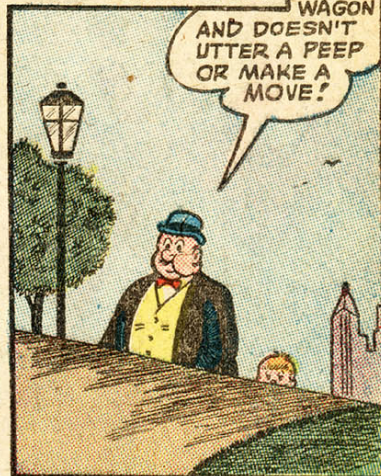
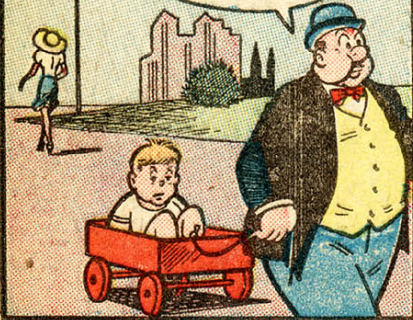
LALA PALOOZA

HE JUST SITS IN HIS WAGON AND DOESN'T UTTER A PEEP OR MAKE A MOVE!

I THOUGHT THIS WOULD BE A TOUGH WAY TO MAKE TWO BUCKS, BUT IT'S ABOUT THE EASIEST DOUGH I EVER EARNED!

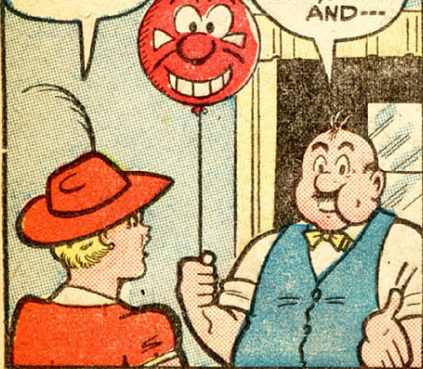
THIS KID HAS BEHAVED LIKE AN ANGEL THE ENTIRE AFTERNOON!

AND DOESN'T UTTER A PEEP OR MAKE A MOVE!



LALA PALOOZA

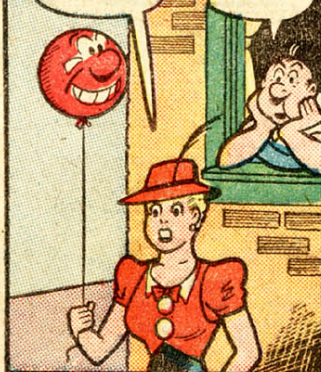
OH, THE
IDEA---
THE VERY
IDEA OF
A MAN
YOUR AGE
PLAYING WITH
A SILLY
BALLOON!



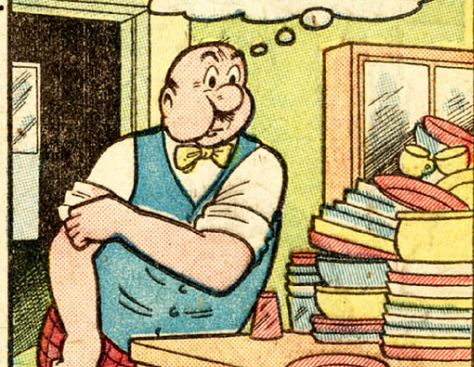
BUT IT'S
SUCH A
COMICAL
ONE, LALA,
AND---

QUIET! I'M GIVING
IT TO THAT LITTLE
BOY DOWN THE
STREET!

OKAY!



LALA'S RIGHT, I GUESS!
WHILE SHE'S GONE, I'LL
SURPRISE HER BY DOING
ALL THESE DISHES!



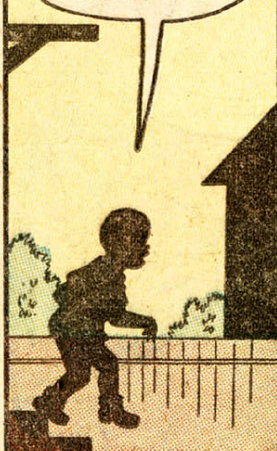
Later...

MR. PALOOZA, MY
BALLOON'S CAUGHT
ON THE MCSCHULTZ'S
PHONE WIRE NEXT
DOOR!

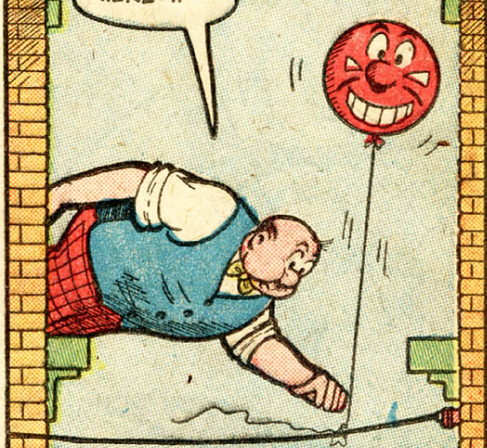
I'LL GET
IT FOR
YOU!



AH, HE'LL NEVER
GET THAT THING---
GUESS I'LL GO
RIDE MY BIKE!

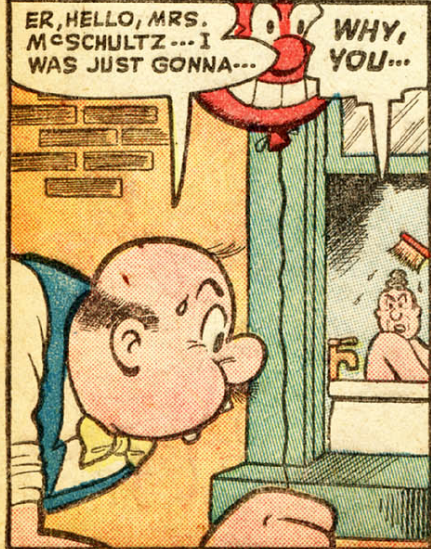


LESSEE NOW, I
CAN JUST ABOUT
REACH IT FROM
HERE IF---

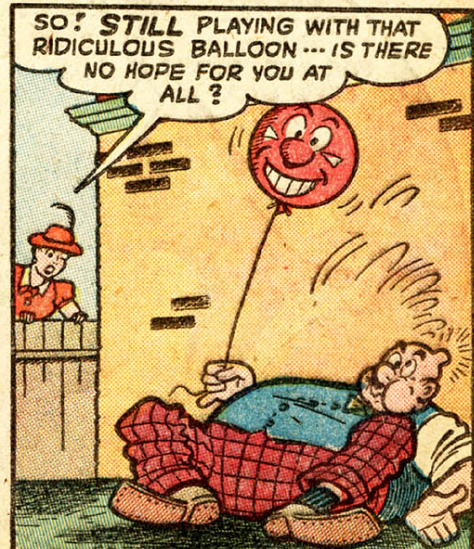


ER, HELLO, MRS.
MCSCHULTZ--- I
WAS JUST GONNA---

WHY,
YOU...

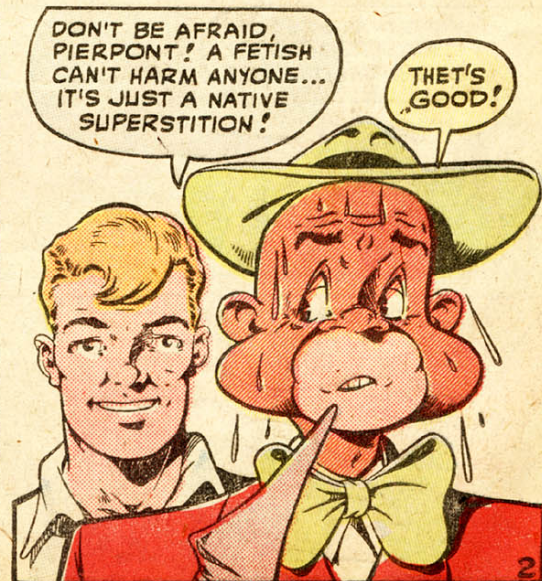
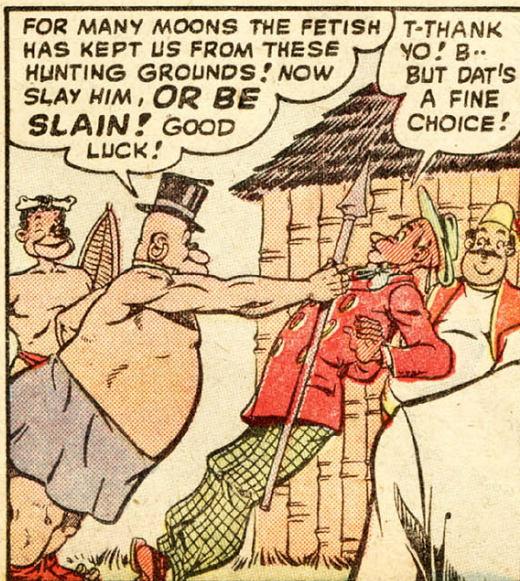
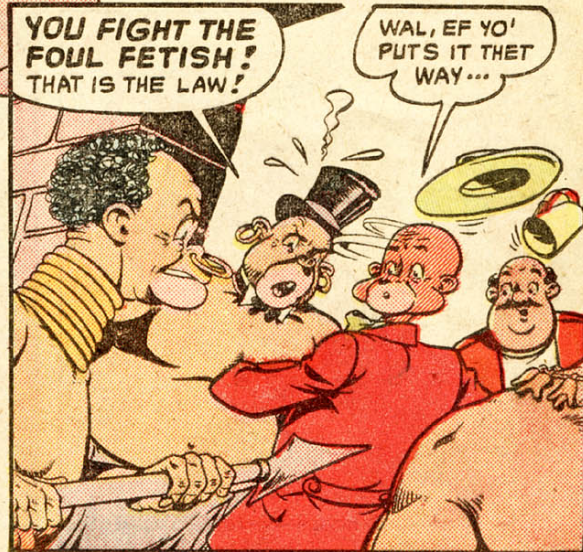
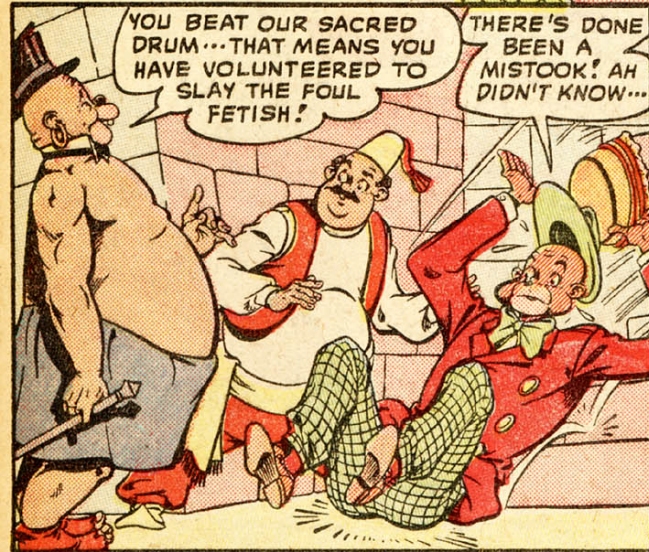
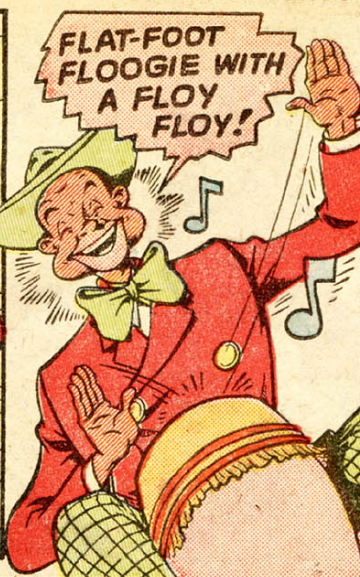


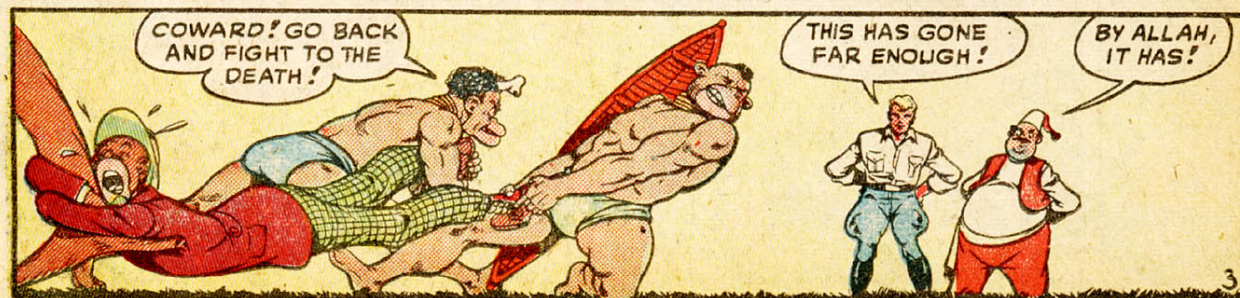
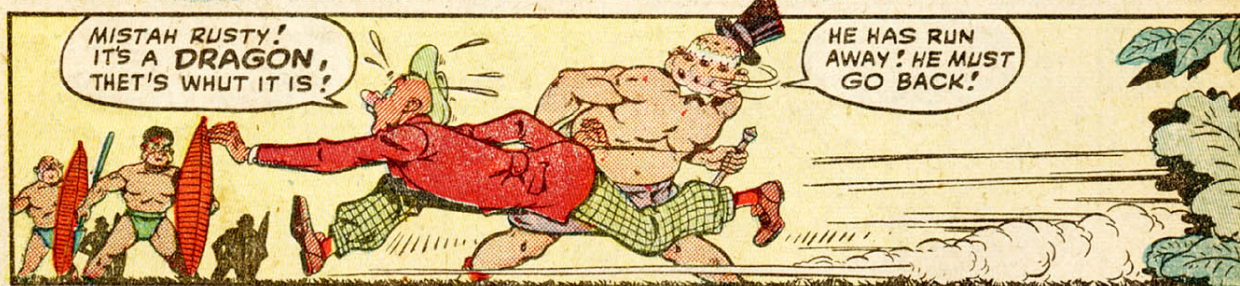
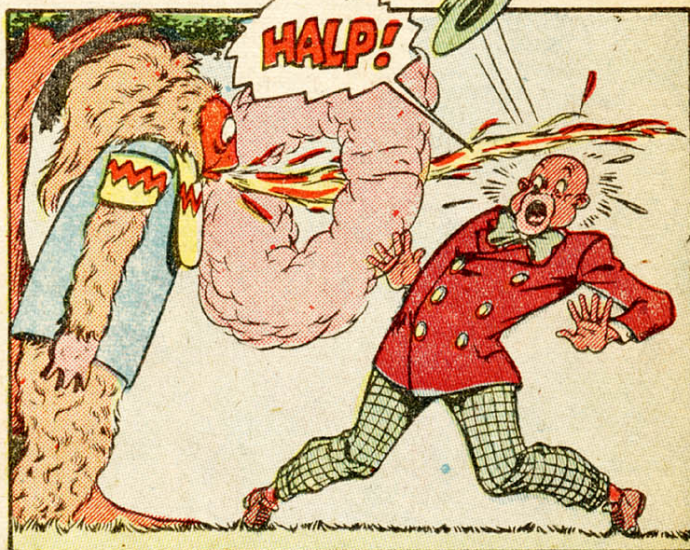
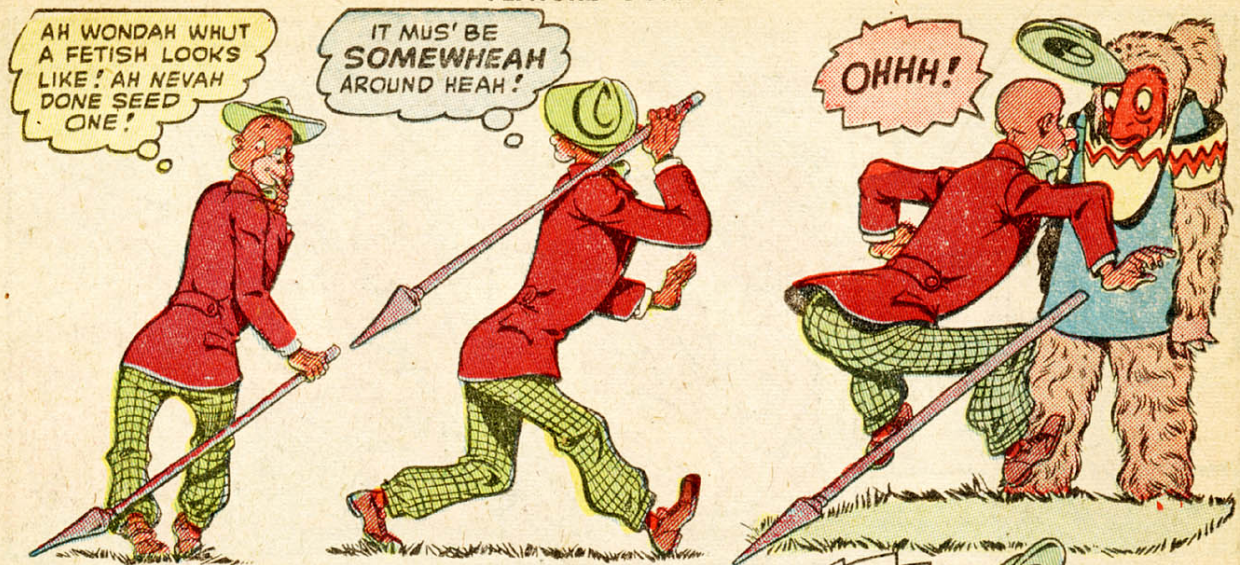
SO? STILL PLAYING WITH THAT
RIDICULOUS BALLOON--- IS THERE
NO HOPE FOR YOU AT
ALL?

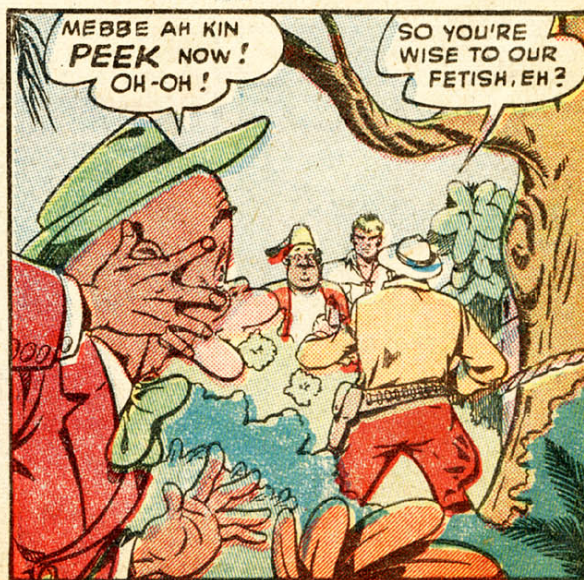
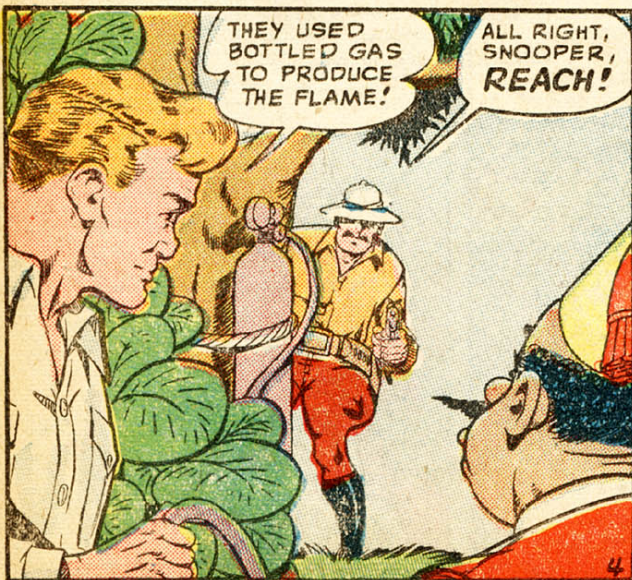
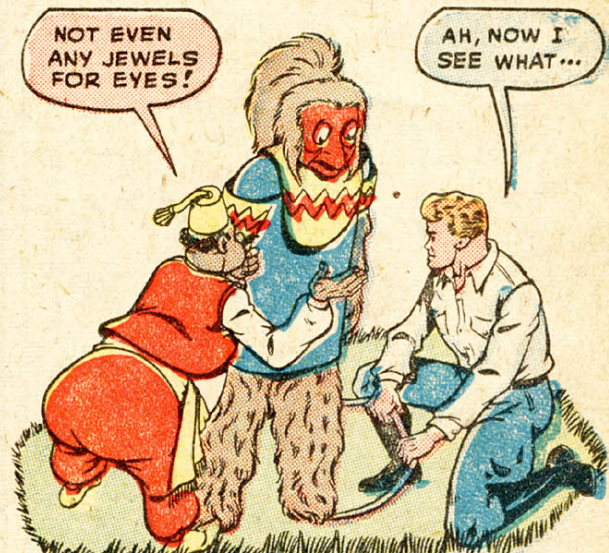
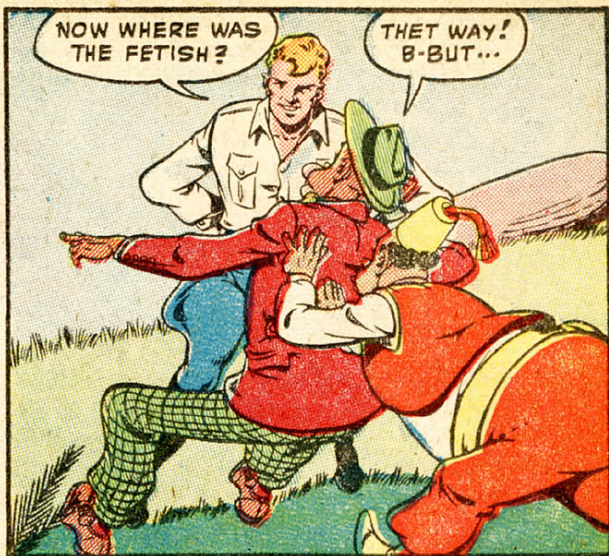
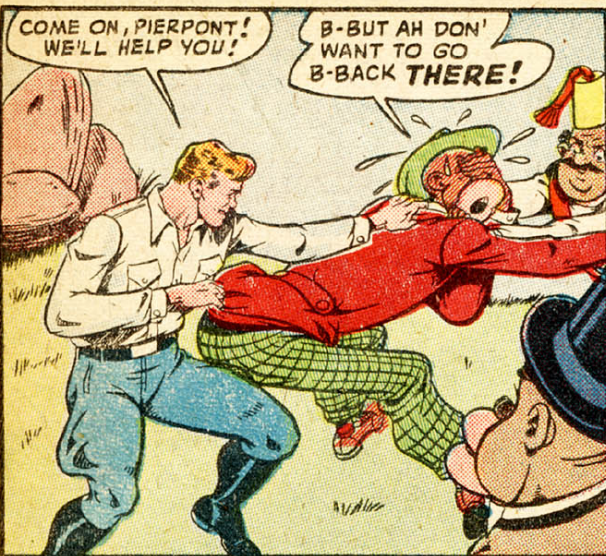


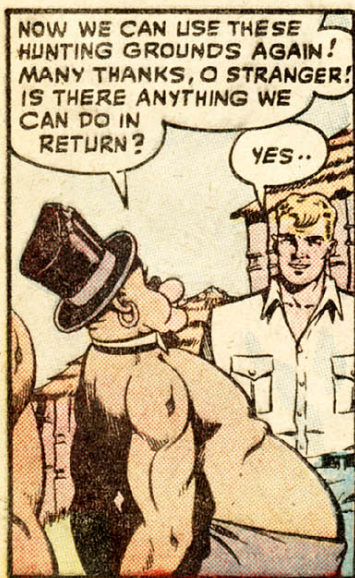
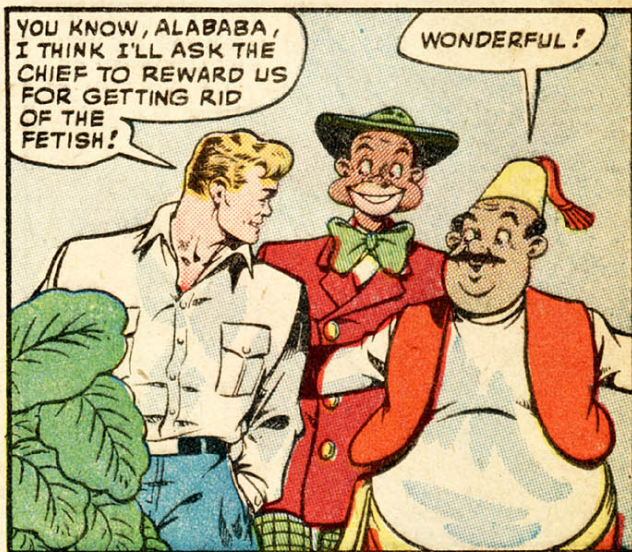
Rusty RYAN



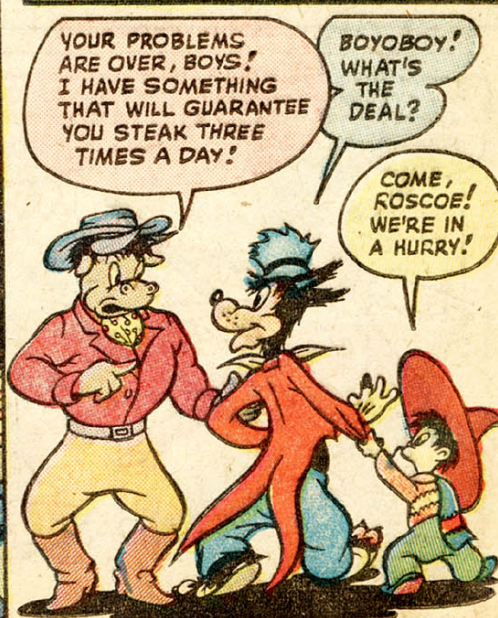
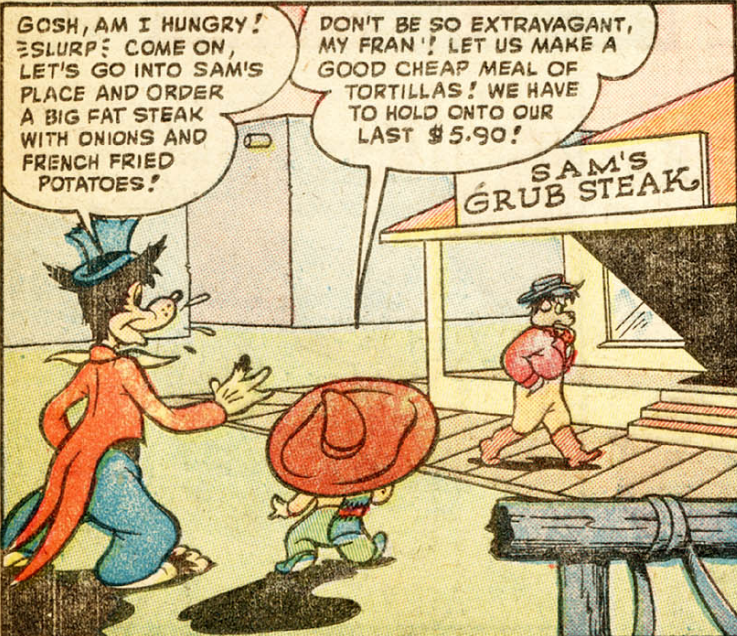
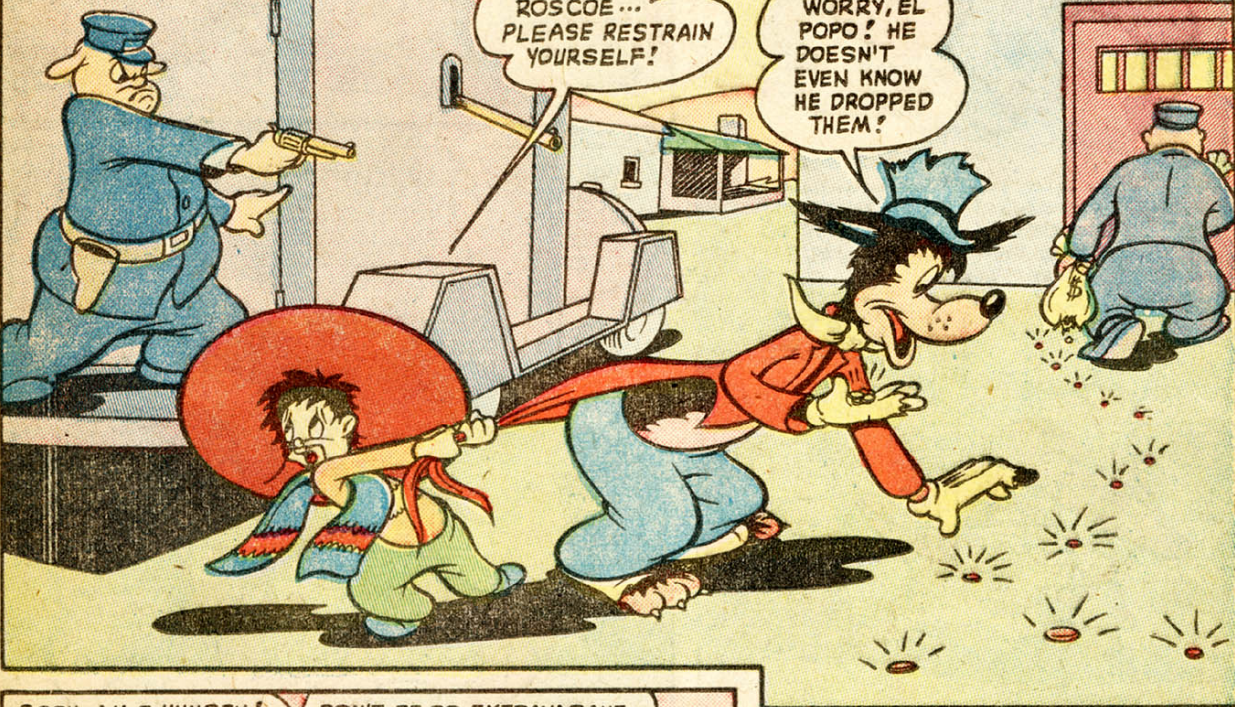


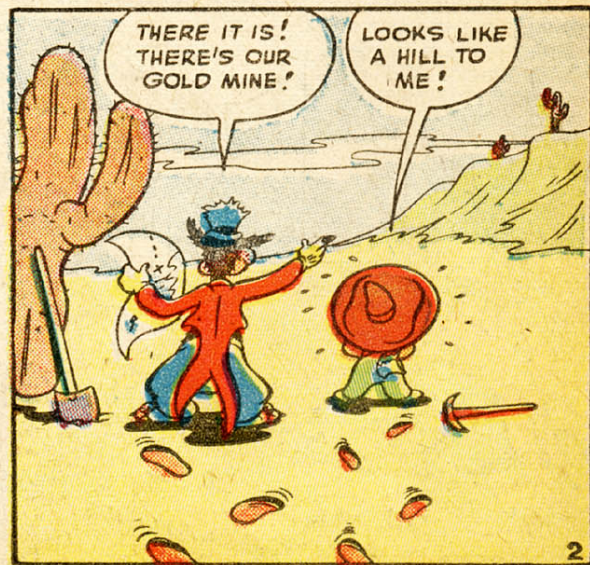
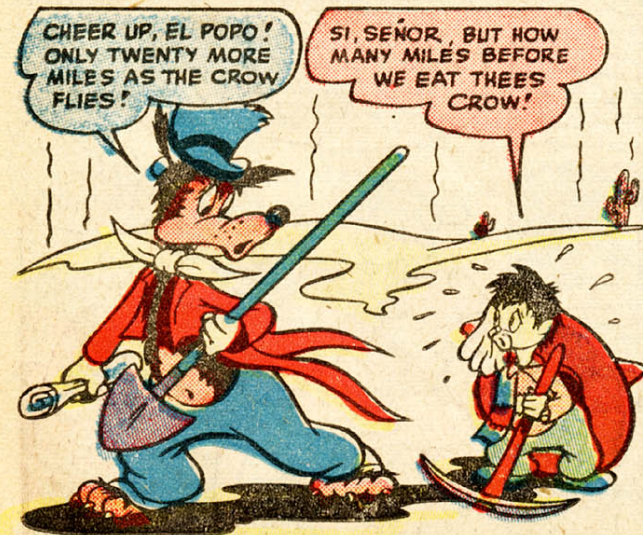
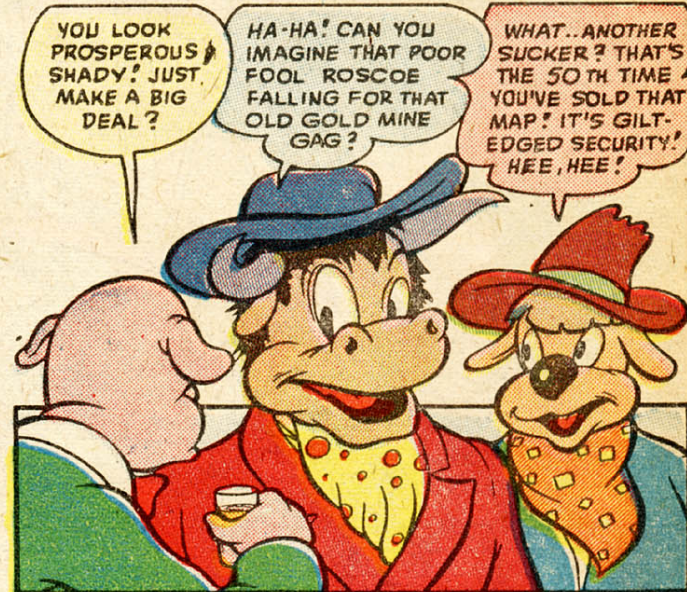
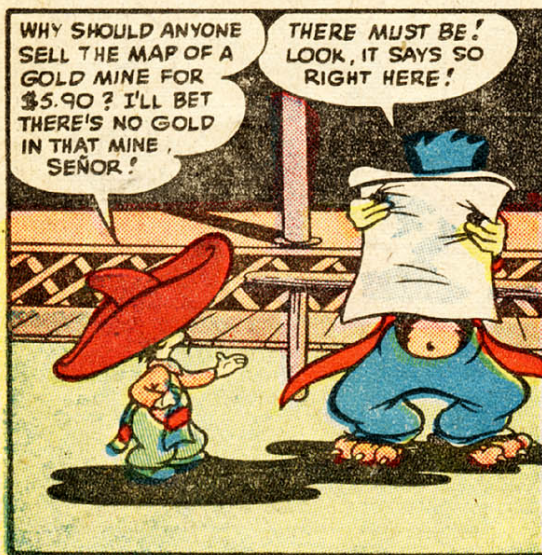
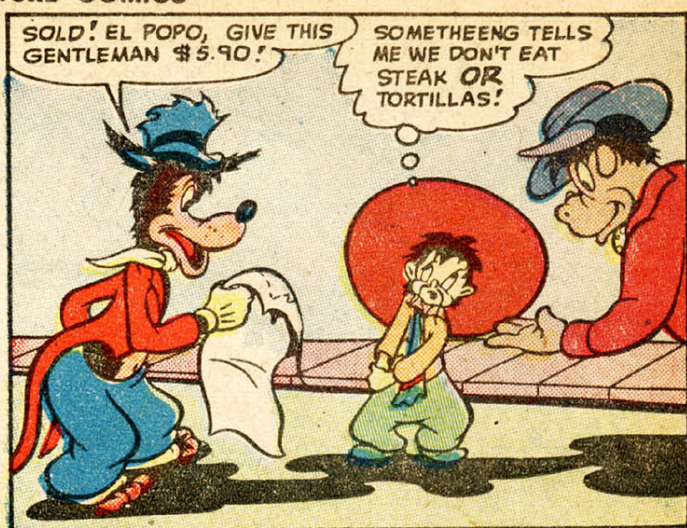
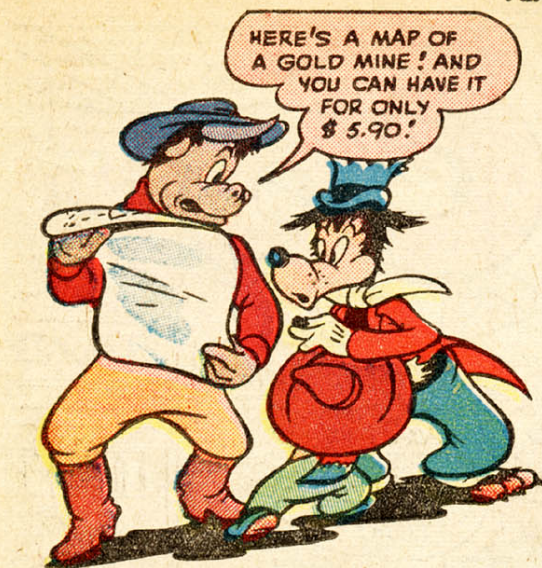


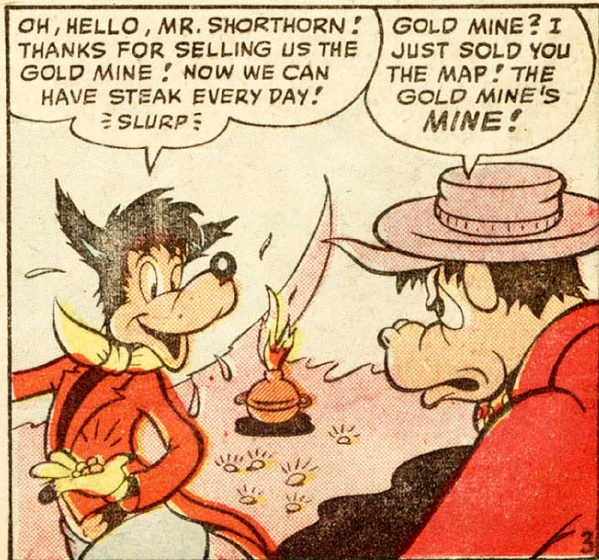
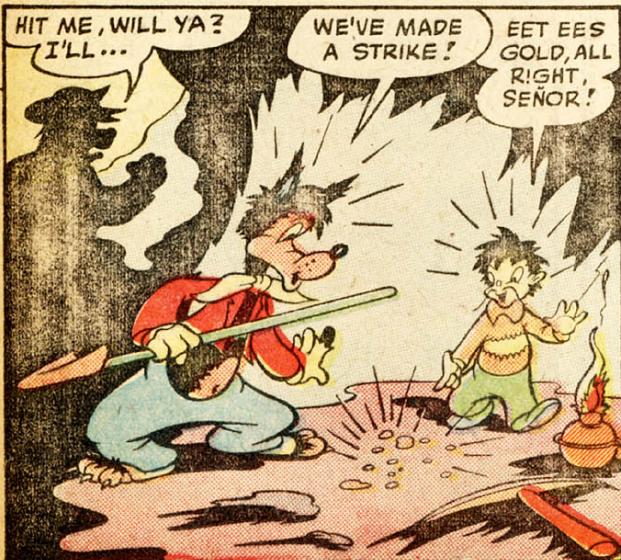
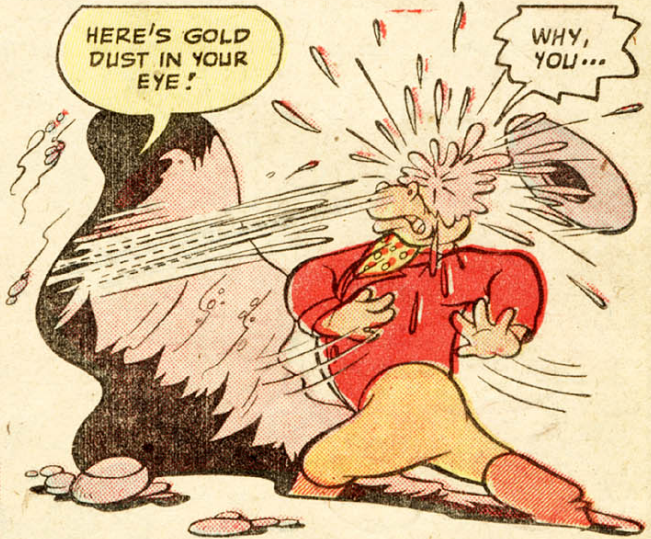
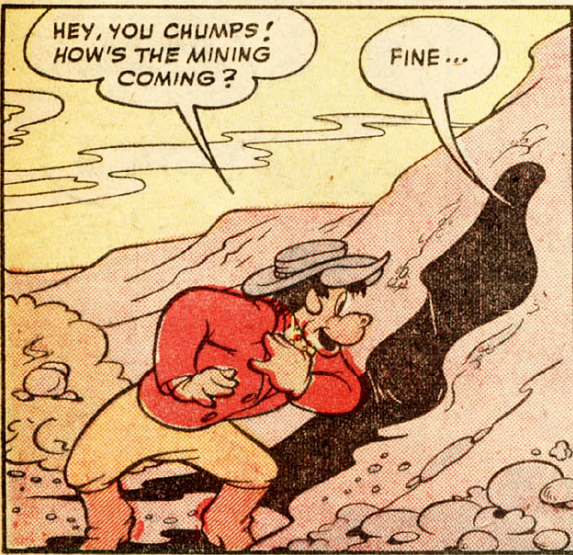
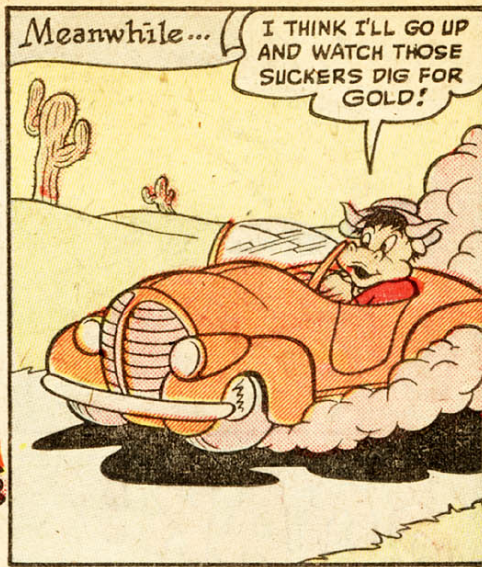
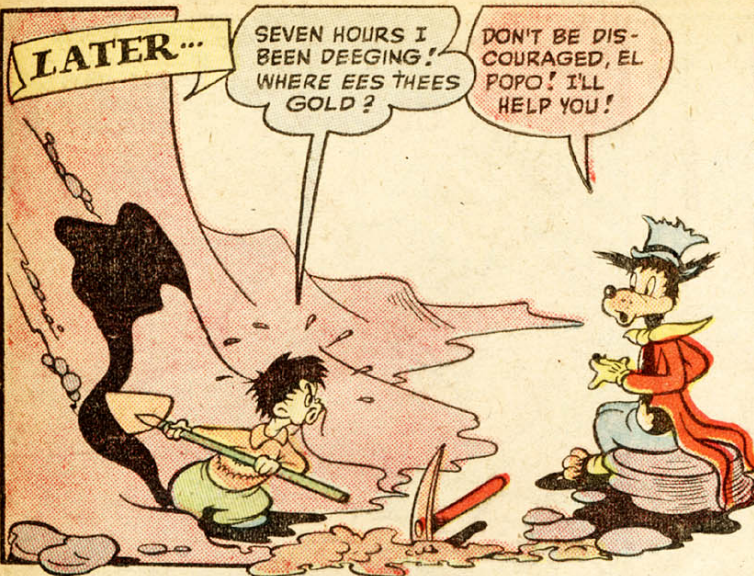


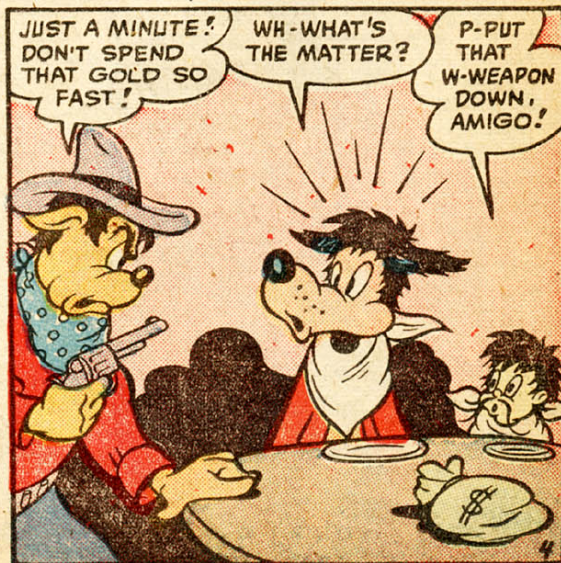
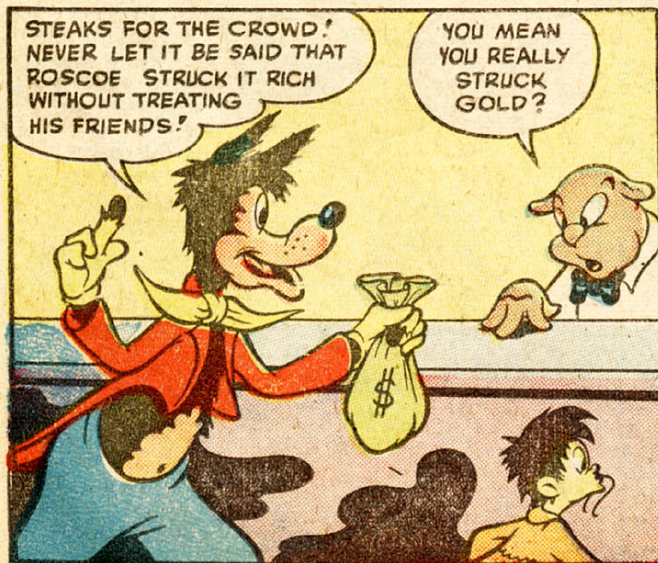
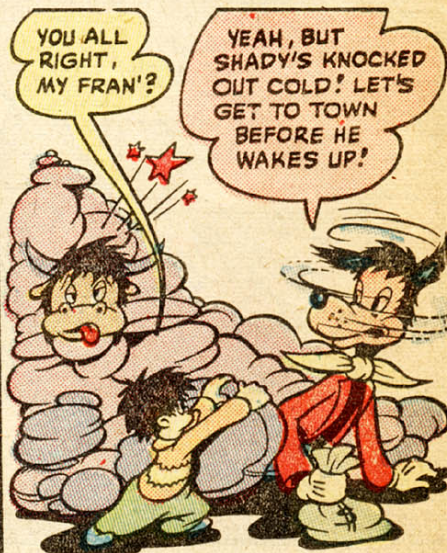
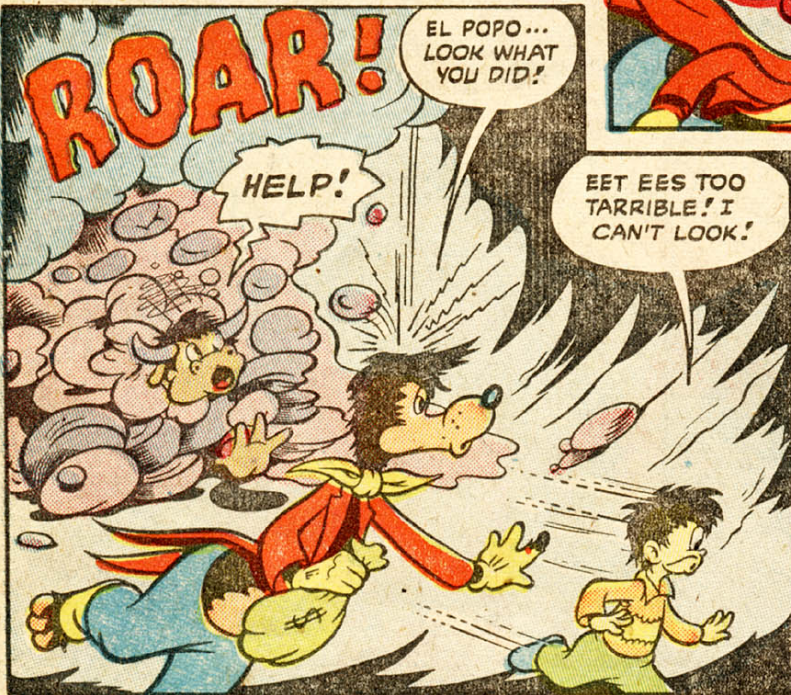
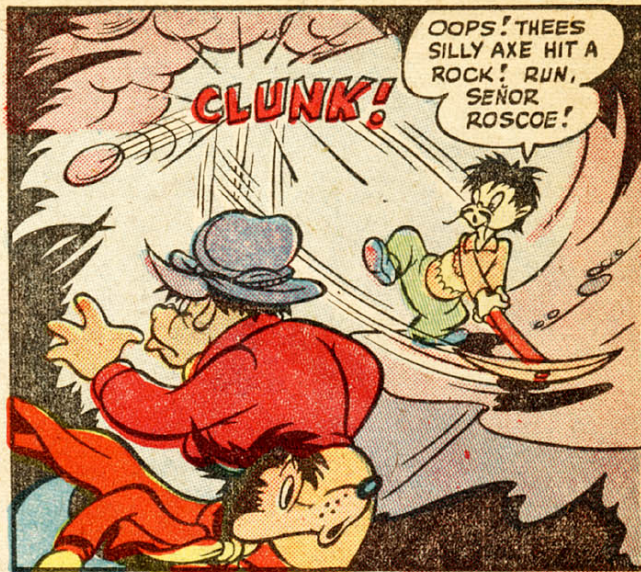


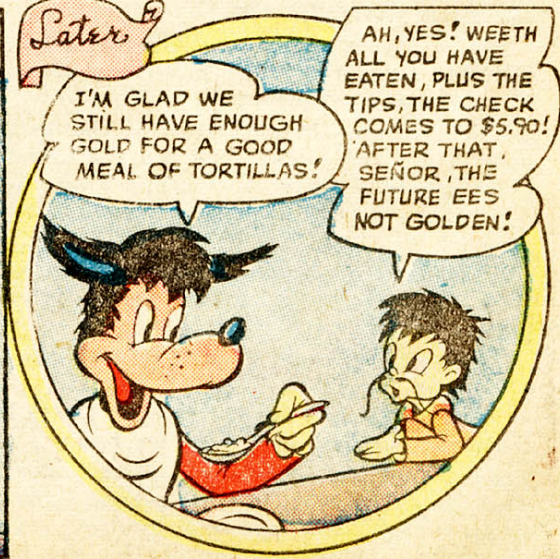
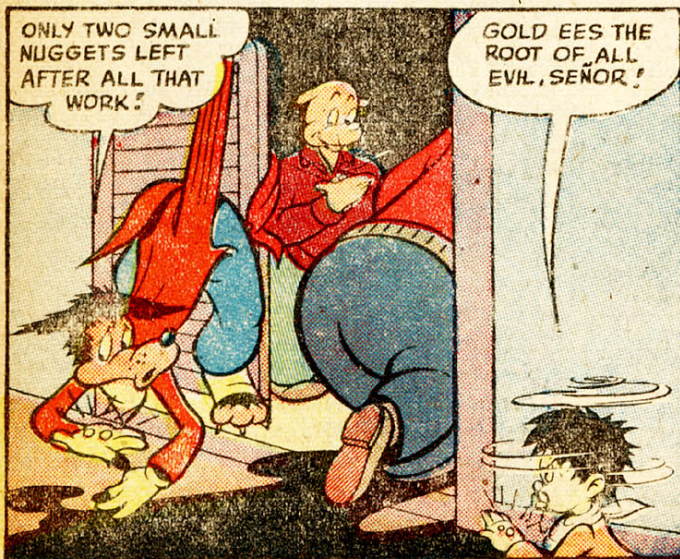
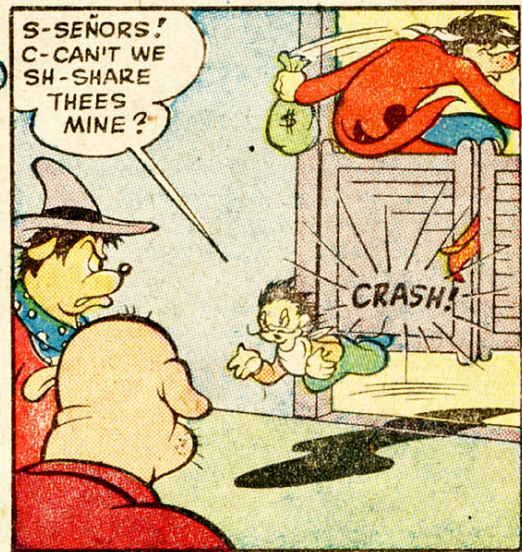
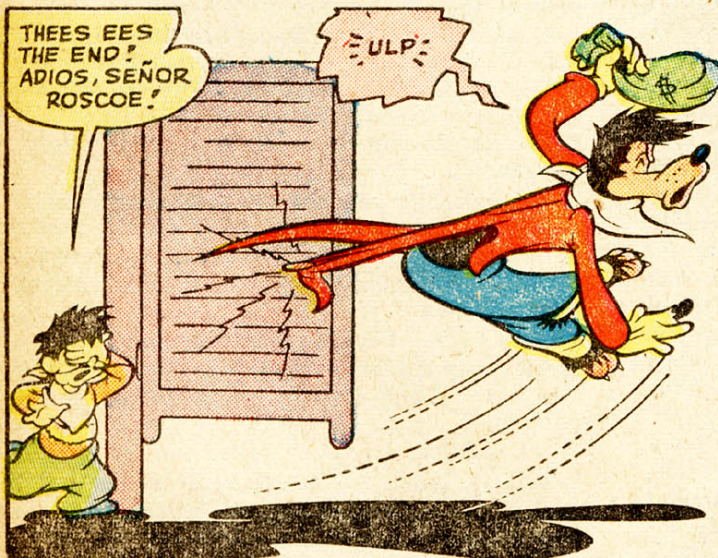
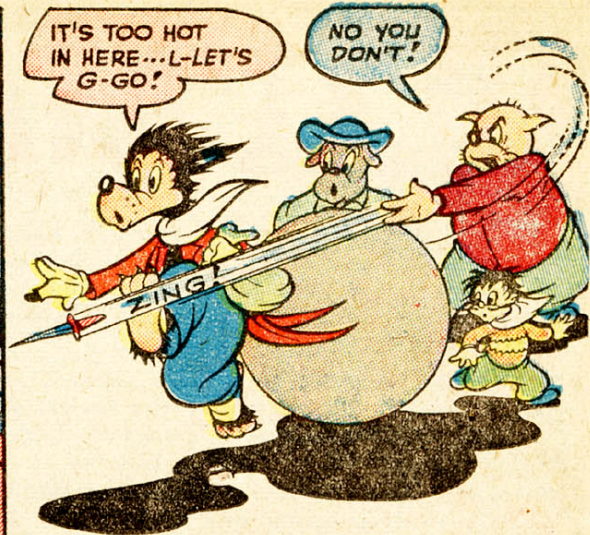
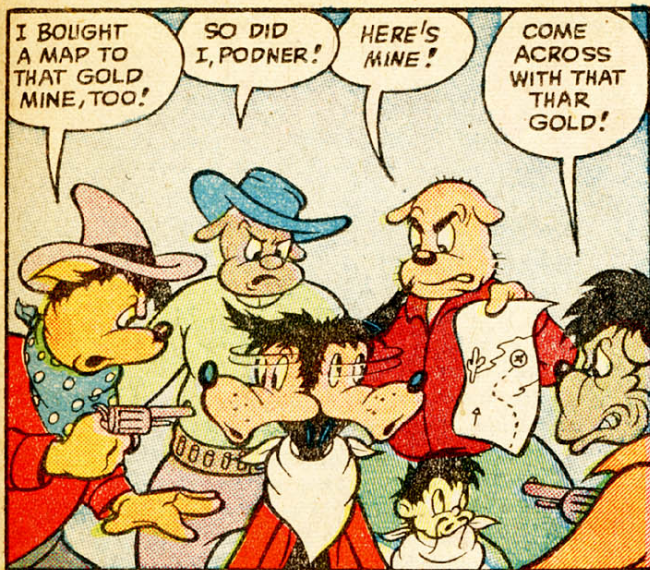
ROSCOE











The **DOLL MAN** **FLIES HIGH** FEATURE COMICS

DARREL DANE leaned low over the wheel of the convertible and pressed harder on the gas. Martha Roberts, his fiancée, sat on the edge of the seat beside him, as the car careened around the curves in the highway.

"We don't seem to be gaining an inch on them," shouted Darrel, above the shriek of the wind. "It's funny, too. This is a fast clunker."

"Look, Darrel!" Martha was pointing ahead. "They're turning into a side road."

The car they were chasing, nearly a quarter mile ahead, had turned sharply on two wheels. Darrel and Martha could hear the scream of the protesting rubber.

"He'll never get away now," said Darrel. "If he figures on crossing on the ice, he's crazy. It isn't an inch thick."

Darrel slowed the convertible as he approached the side road, then turned into it. There was no great hurry. The man could not get away.

But as they bounced along the rough side road and came in view of the river, Darrel ground his teeth in anger. The car with the man he wanted was half-way across the river, going slowly, but making definite progress toward the other side.

Darrel leaped out of his car and ran down to the water's edge. There was a sheet of ice, but water covered it for two inches. As Darrel mentally debated a dash across it, the ice began buckling and cracking. He saw the crook's car lurch and slide.

"He's a goner," he told Martha, who had followed him. "Fool! He'd have been better off to take the consequences."

The car, now three-quarters of the distance across the river, pitched and slid and tossed up great spurts of water as it dropped into holes. But the driver was a cool one. He stuck to the wheel.

Then came a grinding crash, and the whole river seemed to bulge upward under the swelling ice. The car rose with it.

"Thought so," said Darrel. "That's the last of Dooley."

Martha watched with wide eyes. Death held the crook, Dooley, in a firm, icy hand.

But then a strange thing happened. A great sheet of ice rose on a slant, balanced the car on its surface, and sent it catapulting toward the shore. The instant the car hit the bank,

Dooley stepped on the gas and shot up the steep incline. Then he drove like mad through a thicket of hazel bushes, and was soon out of sight of his pursuer.

"I'd have sworn it couldn't be done," exclaimed Darrel Dane. "That man must have a charm working for him. Well, he's slipped us this time. Might as well go home."

Dooley chuckled as he wheeled the car into a little-used road two miles from the river. So they thought they'd trap him, did they? The dopes! All the cops in Bragville couldn't throw a noose over his head! No, not even with the help of that wise-guy Darrel Dane!

Dooley knew that Dane had been chasing him. He had almost faltered at the edge of the river. The ice certainly wasn't fit for a man, let alone a car, to cross over. But Dane had been close behind. Now he was safely out of danger.

When Dooley reached the old barn far back on an abandoned farm, he eased the car into a hole in a haystack and hurried toward the interior of the barn. The farm house had long ago collapsed.

Two of his boys were playing cards when Dooley stepped into the hidden back room of the barn. They looked up, grinning, as he entered.

"Any luck, Dooley?" asked one of them.

Dooley shook his head. "Not this time. I darn near went through the river ice. Dane was after me."

"Dane!" snarled the other man. "Why don't we get that rat, Dooley? He's the one who gives us all the trouble."

Dooley sat down on a chair and laid his hands out in front of him. "I agree, boys," he said. "We've got to stop Dane or we're washed up here. An' this is a mighty fat town for picking."

Dooley grinned evilly. "Dane'll fall for a trap same as anyone else, and we'll arrange a little trap for Mr. Dane to walk into."

The other two listened. Dooley was boss.

"Now here's what we do, boys," said Dooley, leaning confidentially across the table.

Meanwhile, Darrel Dane was in conference with John Ramey, Bragville's Chief of Police.

"Darrel," said the Chief, "I don't like to hand out such a dangerous assignment to a civilian—even one of your caliber."

Darrel laughed. "Don't worry about me,

Chief. This is the sort of thing I eat up. I've sworn to get Dooley, and I'll get him!"

Ramey nodded. "I know. He pulled a dirty one when he bombed your friend's warehouse. Wiped him out, I understand."

"Every cent he had," replied Darrel. "Jack almost lost his mind after that. I'm going to see that he is avenged, in part at least."

"Well," said Chief Ramey, "we on the force have about reached the end of our rope. Dooley and his gang have had things their own way for a long time. We seem powerless to halt their depredations."

The telephone rang on Ramey's desk and he picked up the instrument. He listened for a moment, then handed the phone to Darrel. "For you."

Darrel listened to a raucous voice for a moment, then hung up.

"Darrel," said Ramey, "that was Dooley, wasn't it? I see it in your face."

Darrel nodded. "I think so. I think he's laying a trap for me. Wants me to come to the old Redmond farm—their hangout. Says he has a deal to make with me, something about a master switch—whatever that means."

"Of course you're not going?" said Ramey with deep concern on his face. "Certainly it's a trap!"

"I'm going—tonight. And no tailing me, Chief. Dooley says if there are any cops around, he won't show."

"But—" began Ramey.

"No, Chief. I go alone. This may be the break we've waited for." Darrel stood up. "Well, I'm off. I'll let you know the outcome by midnight."

At nine o'clock that night, Darrel slipped through the scrub oaks to within a hundred yards of the dilapidated barn where Dooley hung out. He carried a small electronic recorder in one hand. It was clicking a series of warning clicks.

"Just as I thought," said Darrel to himself. "Dooley's planned a shocking surprise for me, with charged wires all around the barn. That's what he meant when he said over the phone that he would deal me in on a master switch. Funny how a con will always give out a hint of what he's up to—out of sheer confidence in his own power, I guess."

Darrel unfolded a large box kite and carried it several hundred yards across a field from the barn.

"We'll see who turns on the power," he said, as he ran with the kite into the breeze. Quickly the kite rose, caught an air current, and soared aloft. He paid out the heavy cord slowly, until the kite was up several hundred feet. Then he walked to a spot where the kite was immediately above the barn.

Then Darrel Dane did a strange thing. By a super effort of will he contracted every mole-

cule in his body until, from a full-grown man, he had shrunk to a tiny mite, scarcely a foot tall.

Now he was the invincible Doll Man, the deadly little giant whom all criminals feared—the bane of the underworld.

The Doll Man!

As Darrel Dane, he had securely tied the end of the kite cord to a tree trunk. Now, as the Doll Man, he grasped the cord at its base and began climbing rapidly. The cord sagged slightly. The Doll Man kept climbing. Up—up—until he was a mere speck in the night sky. In five minutes he had reached the kite. It hovered directly over the barn.

In one box of the kite there was a ball of heavy cord. The Doll Man secured one end of the cord to a strut on the kite, and tossed the rest of the ball earthward. The cord dangled down in the darkness. He swung onto it and let himself down, hand-over-hand. In a moment he was on the roof of the barn. Clinging to some ancient ivy vines, he looked into a small window under the eaves.

Dooley was inside, with a gun in his hand. So were his two henchmen. They were waiting. Dooley watched the meter on a small box on the table. It was undoubtedly an indicator that would register the instant someone stepped on the mass of charged wires that encircled the barn.

Perched on the window sill, the Doll Man was a fair target for the shifty glance of Dooley as he suddenly looked up. He brought up his pistol and pumped several wild shots at the little creature.

"The Doll Man!" shouted Dooley. "Look out, you guys! Shoot the little rat!"

But the little rat was not there when the fusillade of shots splintered the window sill. He was leaping in an arc across the small room. His fist contacted Dooley on the chin and the big man went over with a crash. He was out.

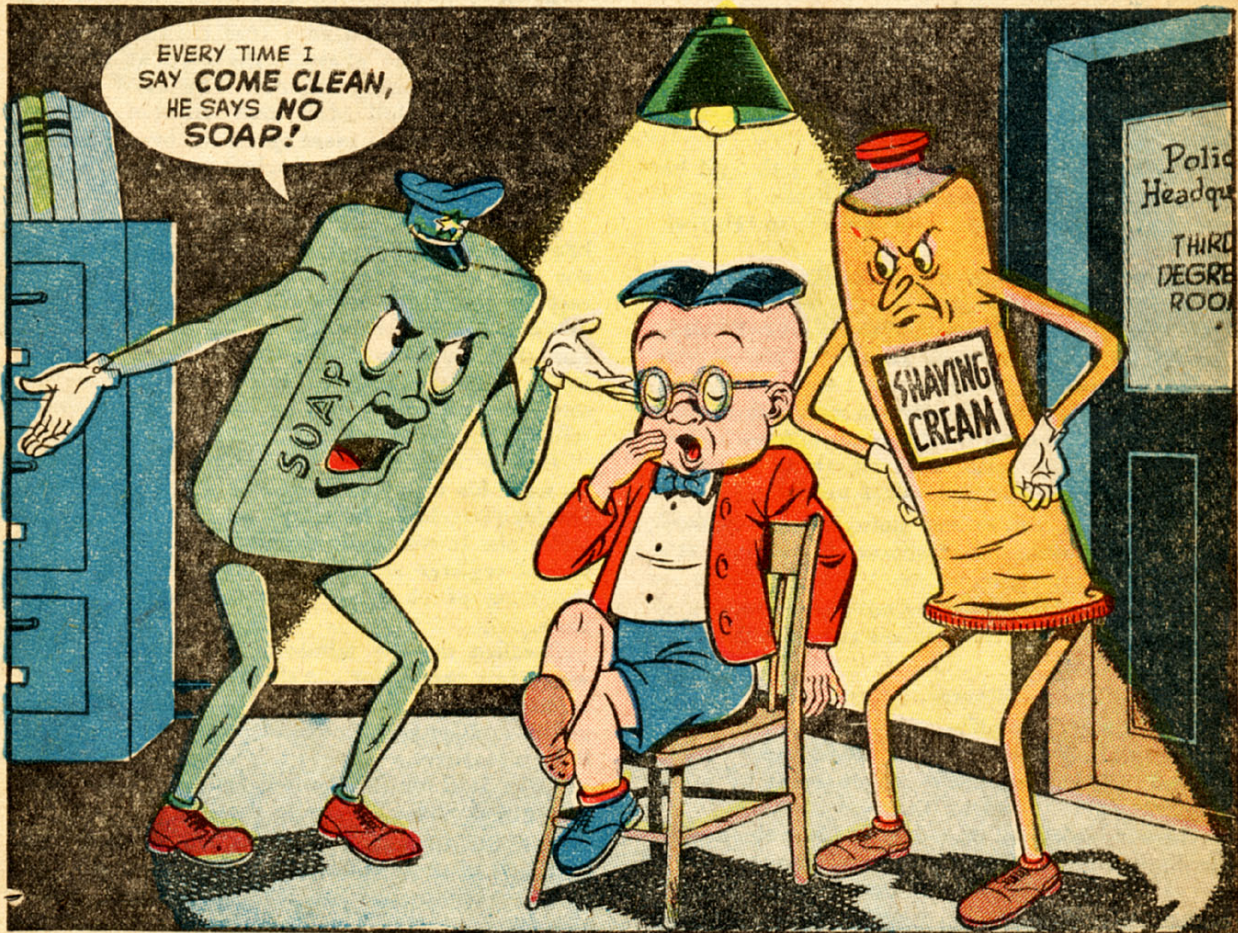
The Doll Man leaped upward in another great drive, catching one of Dooley's pals on the button. With a loud grunt, he went down to join his boss.

The other guy was a slick customer. He dodged and twisted, trying to bring his gun to bear on the speedy midget. But though he pulled the trigger several times, no bullet struck home. Finally, he threw the empty gun at the Doll Man, just as the latter hit him in the chest with both tiny feet. A haymaker finished the thug, folding him up like a sack.

"That's it," said the Doll Man. Then he willed himself back to his normal self. He picked up Dooley's phone and dialed Chief Ramey.

"Come on out, Chief," he said. "Dooley and his boys are sleeping peacefully here in the barn. There's a charged barricade around the place, but I know how to cut the current. It's the end of the deal for a master switch."

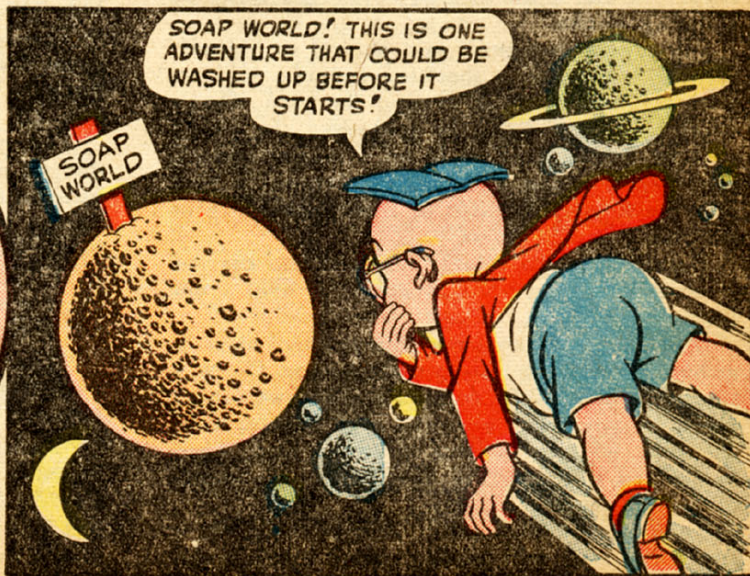
PERKY

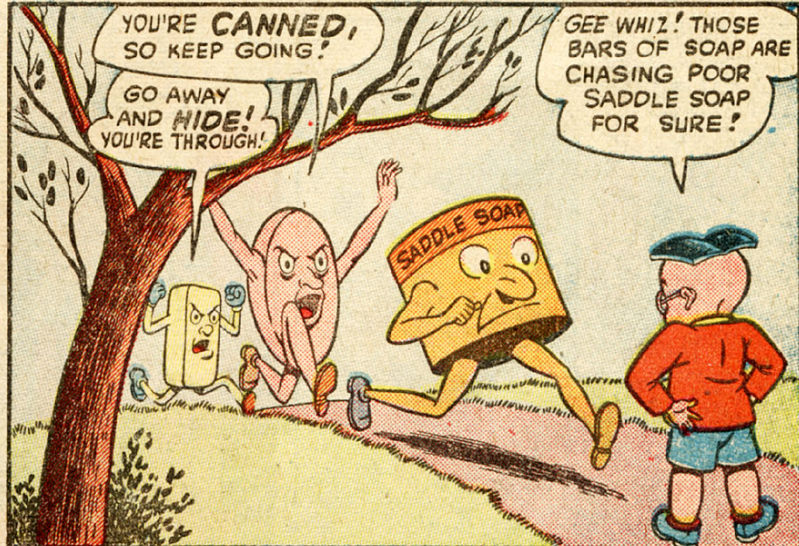
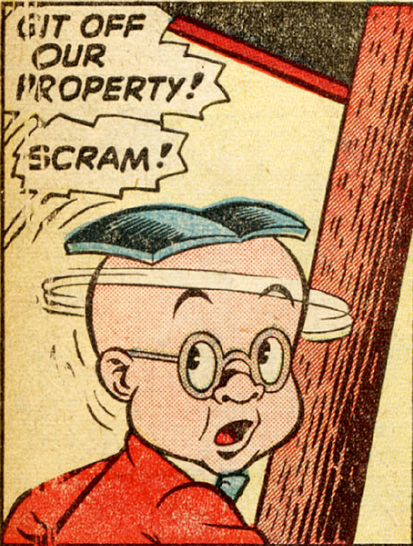
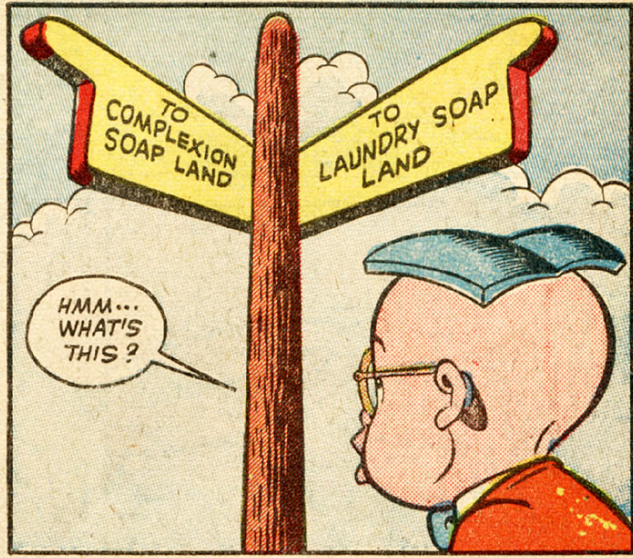
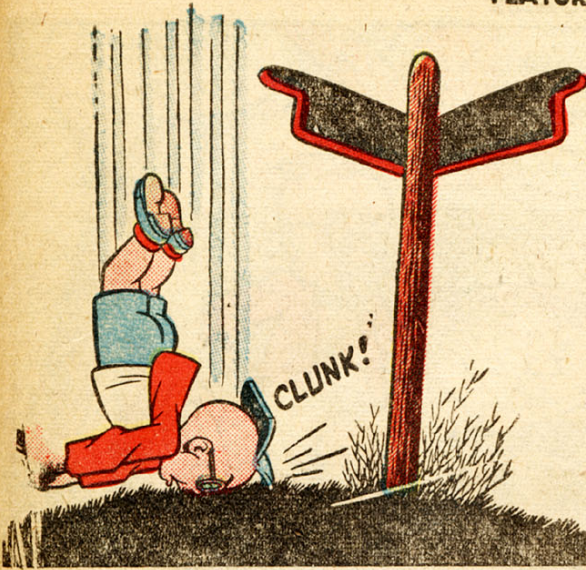


When is a

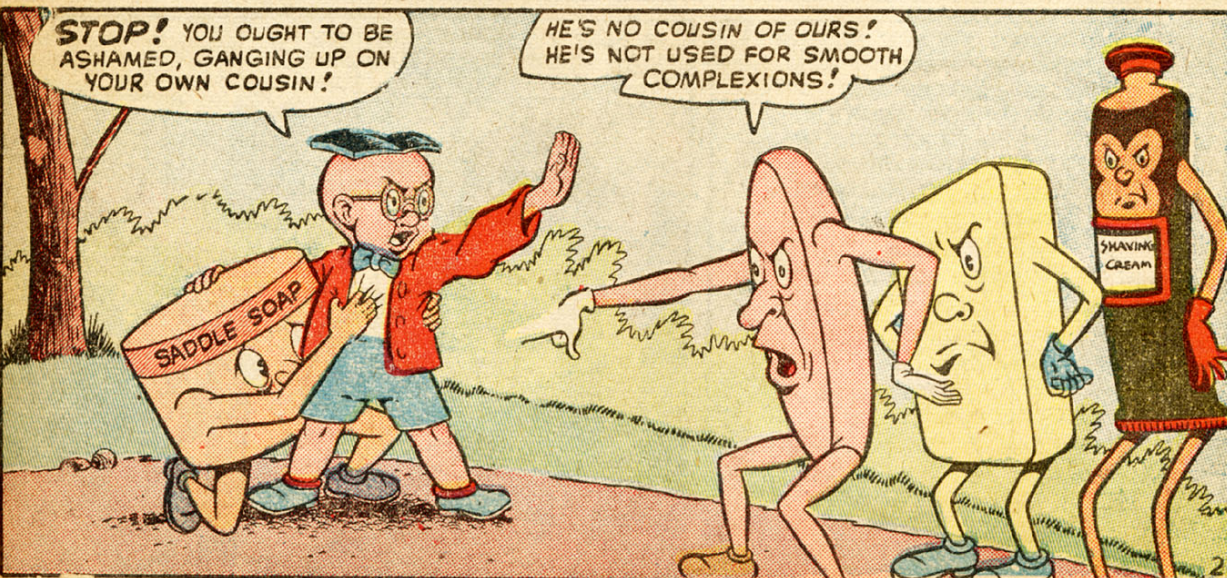
soap not a soap?

Perky, who volunteered at a vaudeville show to step into an amateur magician's vanishing box...and then vanished... has since been flying off to other worlds at every new pull of the lever on the box! This time, Perky keeps his record clean with an adventure in the World of Soap!





GEE WHIZ! THOSE BARS OF SOAP ARE CHASING POOR SADDLE SOAP FOR SURE!

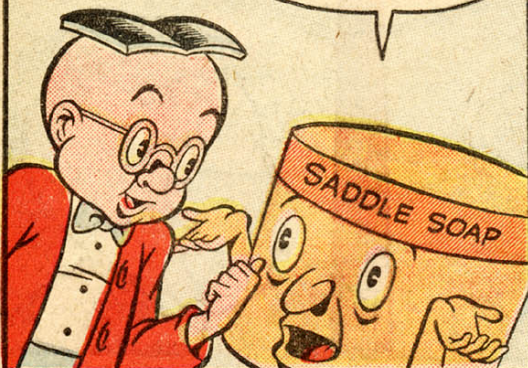


HE'S NO COUSIN OF OURS! HE'S NOT USED FOR SMOOTH COMPLEXIONS!



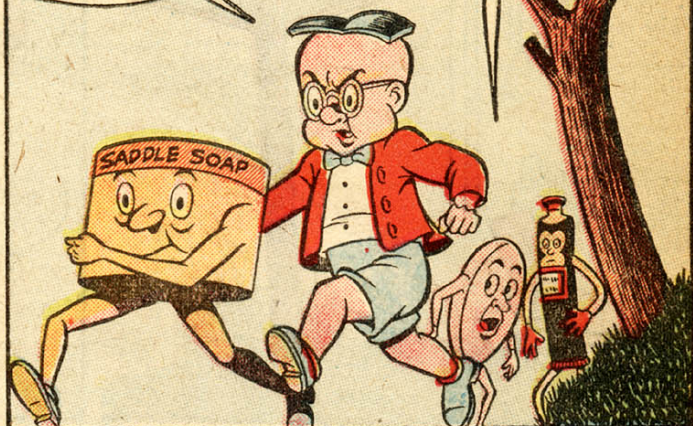
MY NAME IS PERKY! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE HERE?

WELL...ER, QUEEN BEAUTY SOAP EXILED ME BECAUSE SHE CLAIMS SADDLE SOAP DOESN'T BEAUTIFY ANYBODY'S LOOKS!

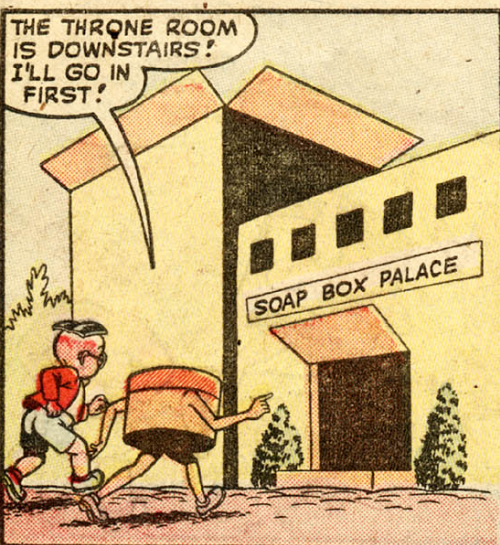


LET'S GO, SADDLE! WE'LL SEE THE QUEEN ABOUT THIS!

GEE! THIS'LL PUT HER HIGHNESS IN A LATHER!

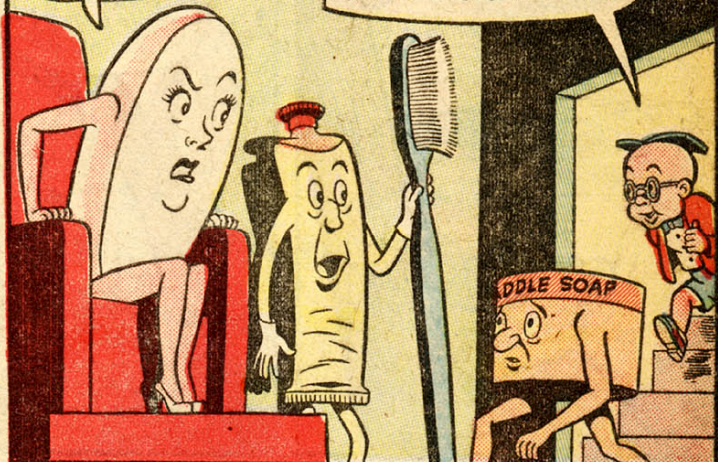


THE THRONE ROOM IS DOWNSTAIRS! I'LL GO IN FIRST!

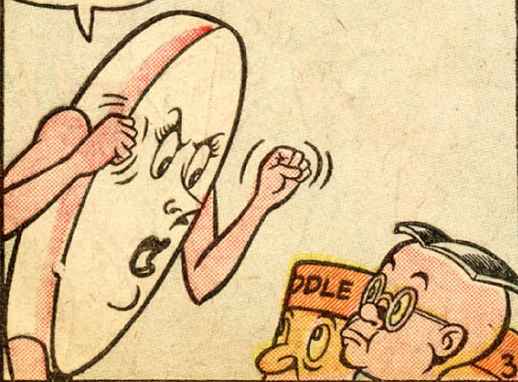


WHAT? YOU BACK AGAIN?

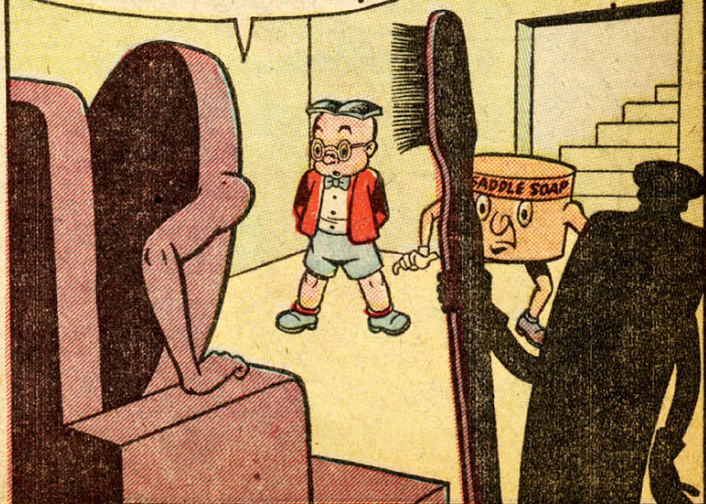
THAT'S RIGHT, QUEENIE... AND I'M GOING TO ACT AS COUNSEL FOR HIM!



NOW DON'T TRY TO **SOFT SOAP** ME...MY JURY DECIDED THAT HE'S ONLY GOOD ON LEATHER AND LEATHER COMES FROM ANIMALS! WHO CARES WHETHER LEATHER HAS A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION OR NOT?



IF THAT DOESN'T CONVINCE YOU, **SEE THE JURY!**

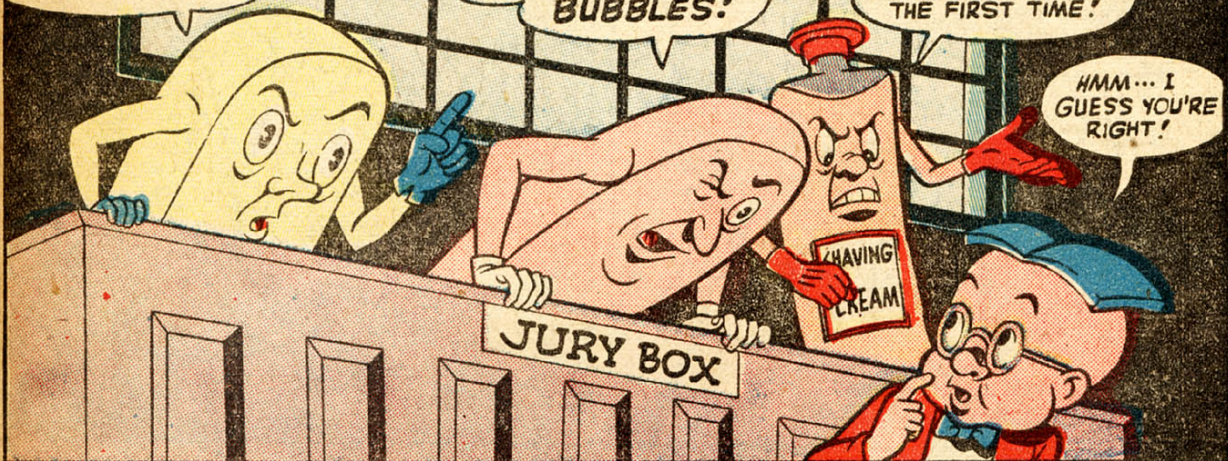


Y'BETTER TELL SADDLE SOAP TO **COME CLEAN** AND ADMIT HE'S **NO SOAP**!

YEAH! AND TAKE A TIP FROM ME! HE'D BETTER BLOW, AN' I DON'T MEAN **BUBBLES!**

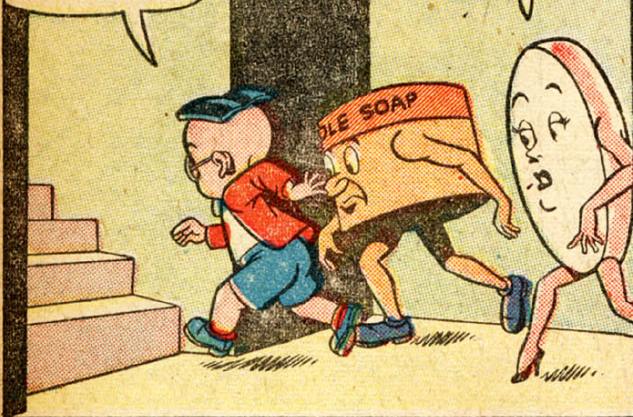
HE ALREADY HAD ONE **CLOSE SHAVE** WHEN WE THREW HIM OUT THE FIRST TIME!

HMM... I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!



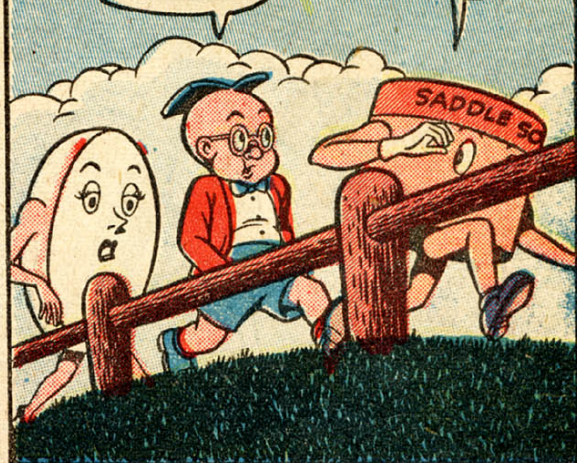
LET'S GO VISIT LAUNDRY SOAP LAND, SADDLE OL' KID! MAYBE THEY'LL TAKE YOU IN!

I'LL GO ALONG AND GET THIS SETTLED ONCE AND FOR ALL!

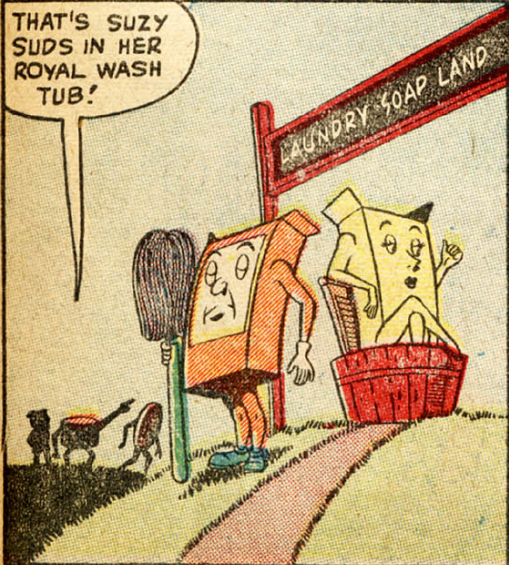


WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE LAUNDRY SOAP QUEEN?

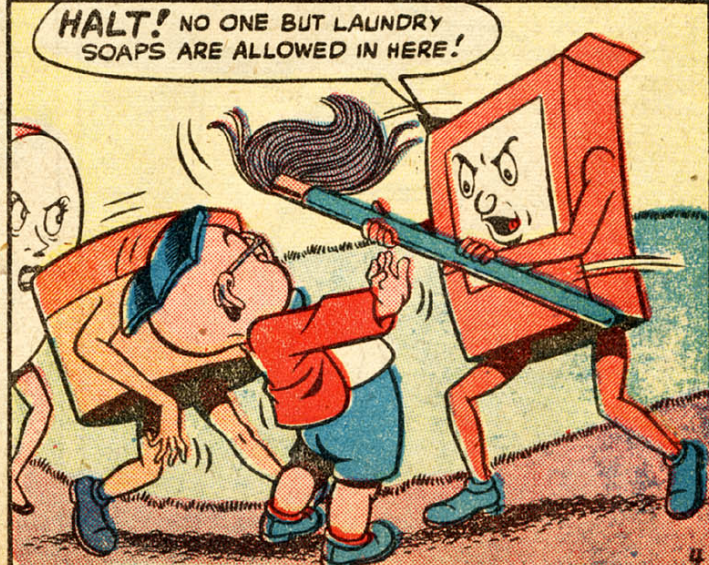
SUZERAIN SUDS!

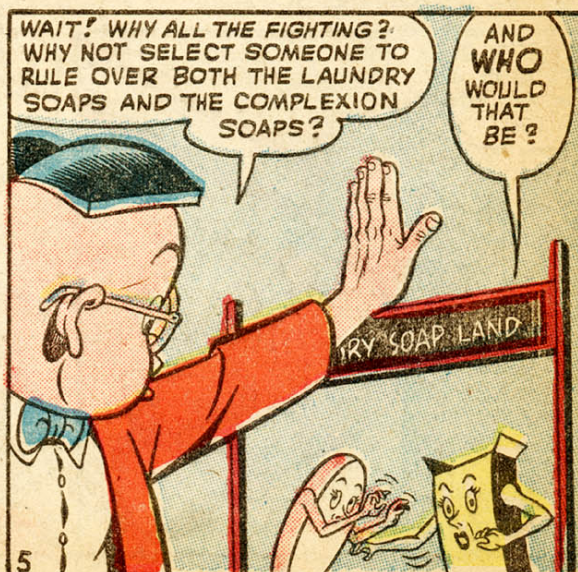
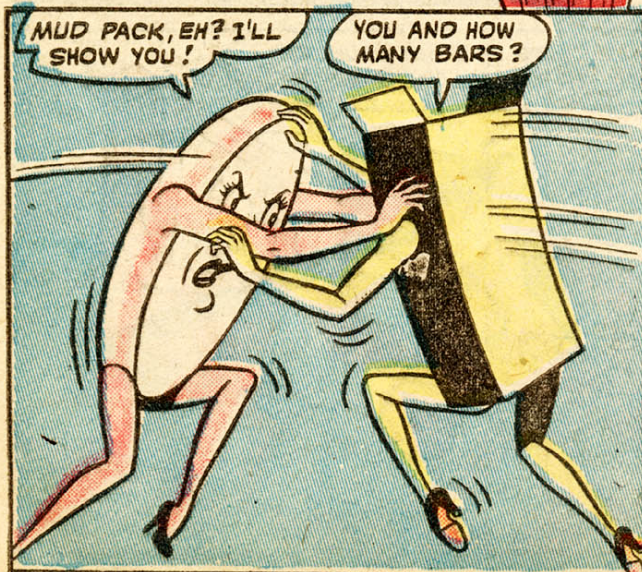
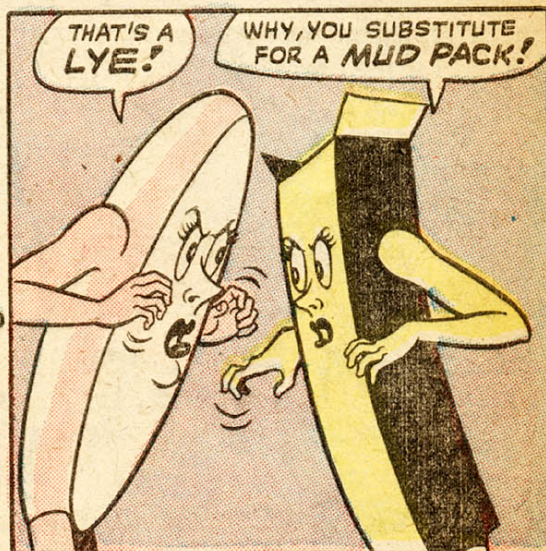
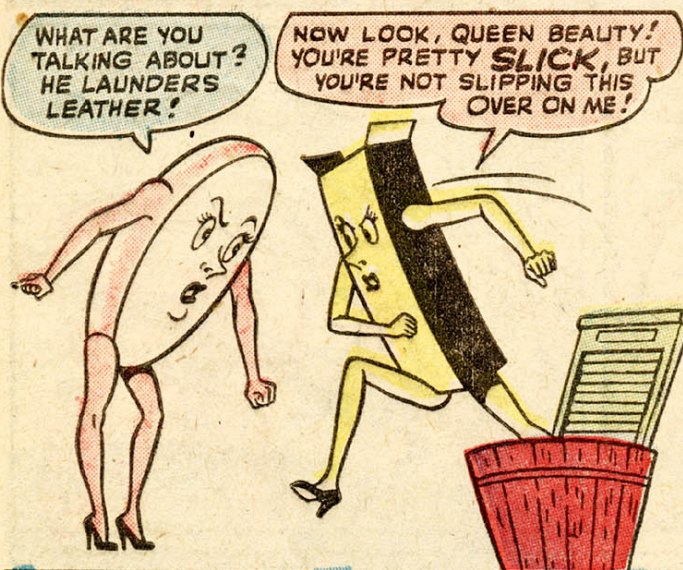
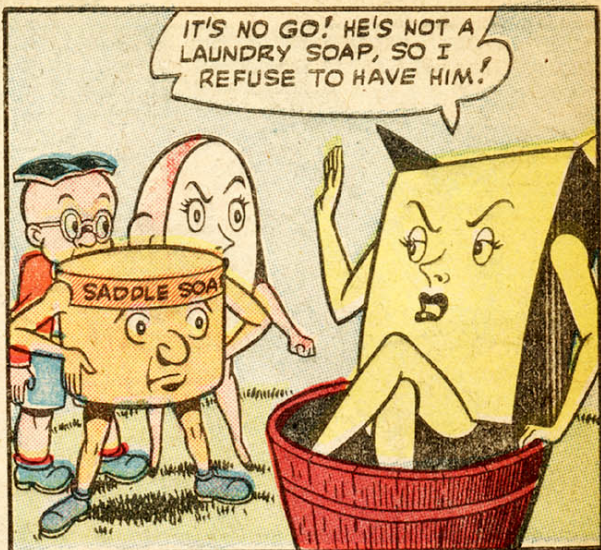


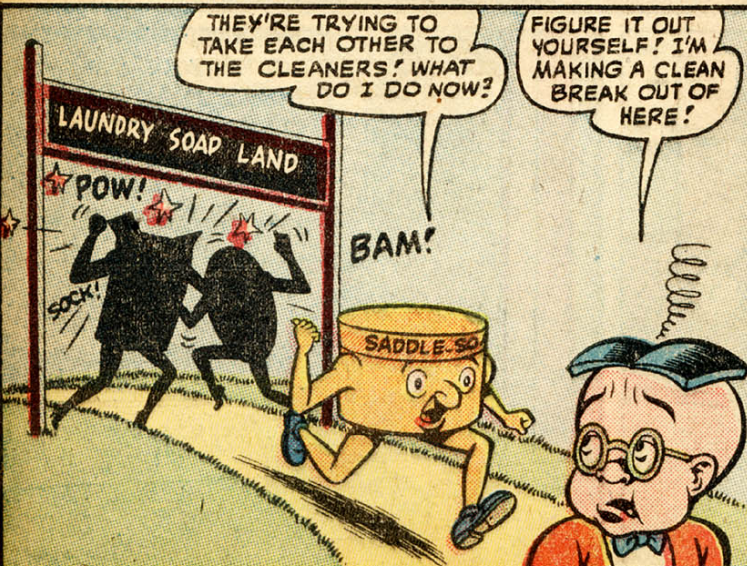
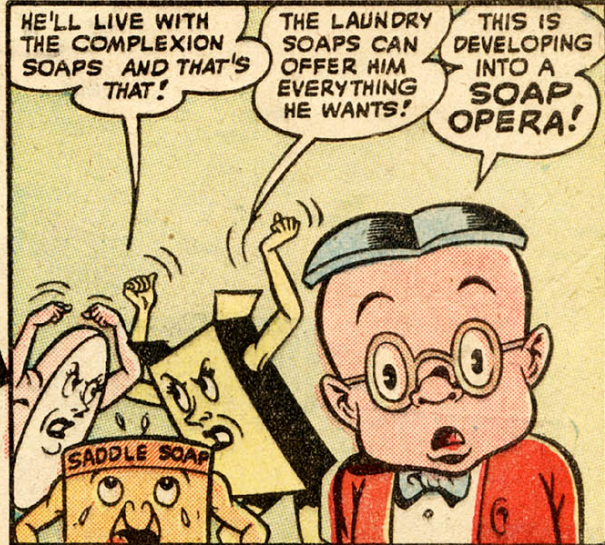
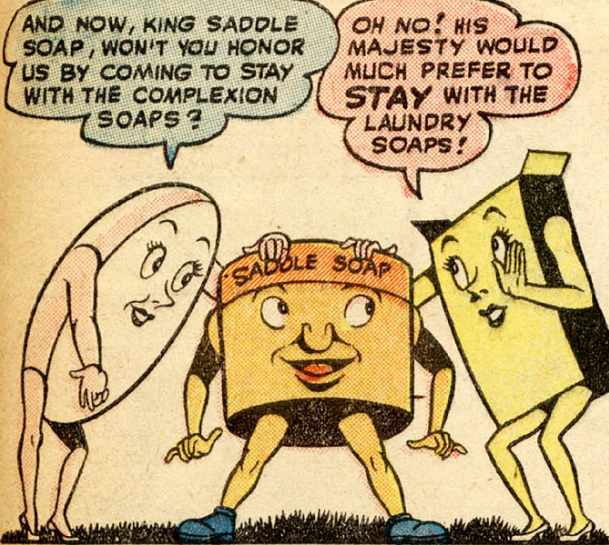
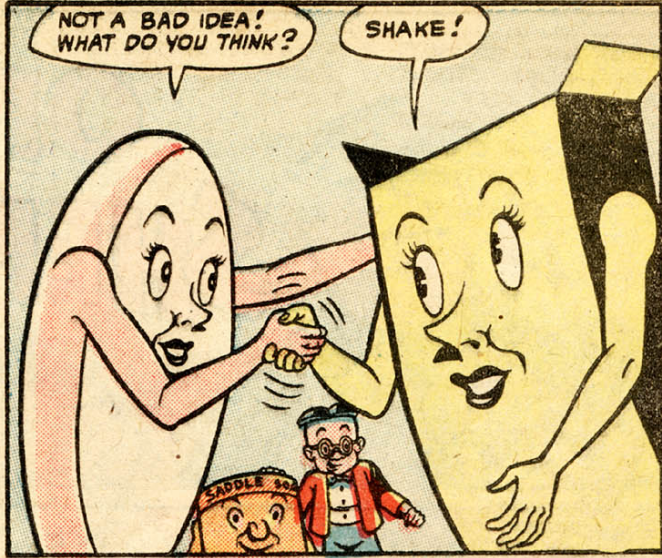
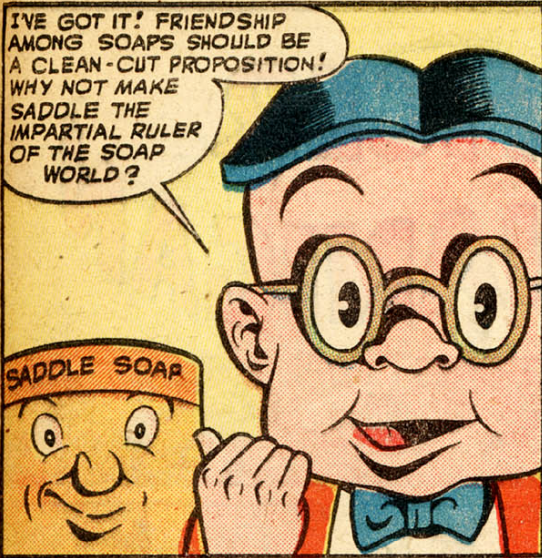
THAT'S SUZY SUDS IN HER ROYAL WASH TUB!



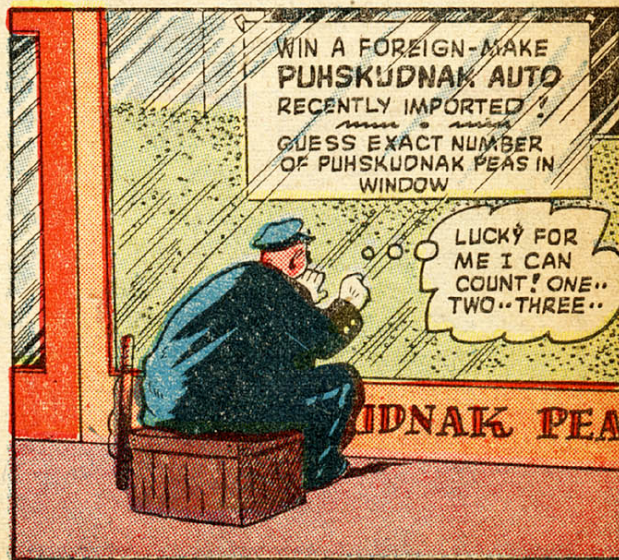
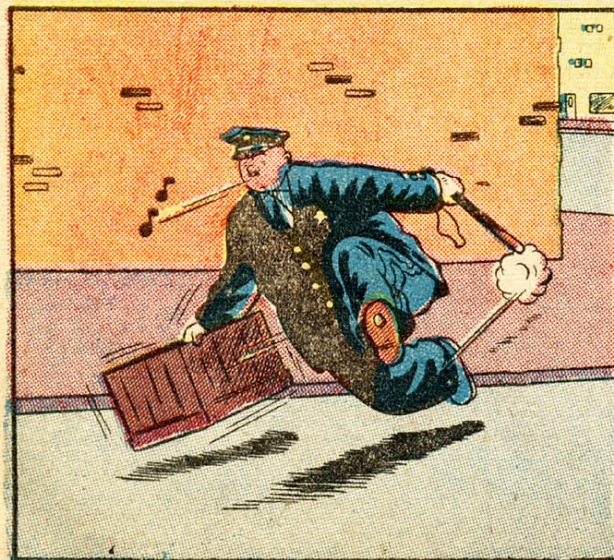
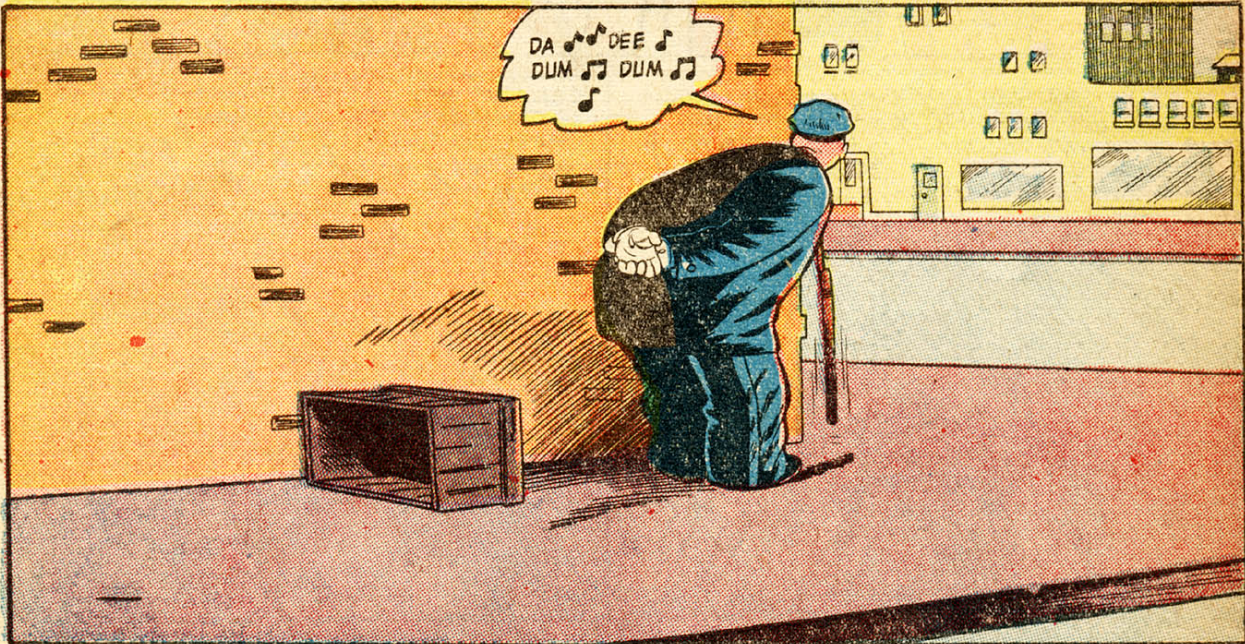
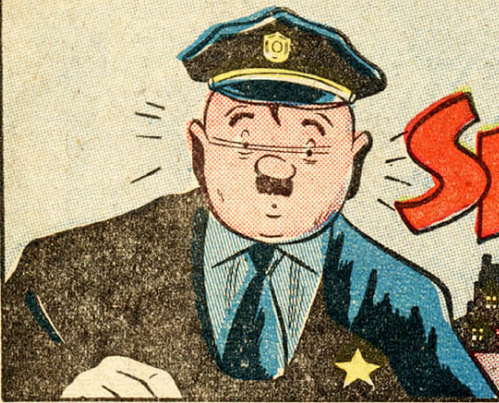
HALT! NO ONE BUT LAUNDRY SOAPS ARE ALLOWED IN HERE!

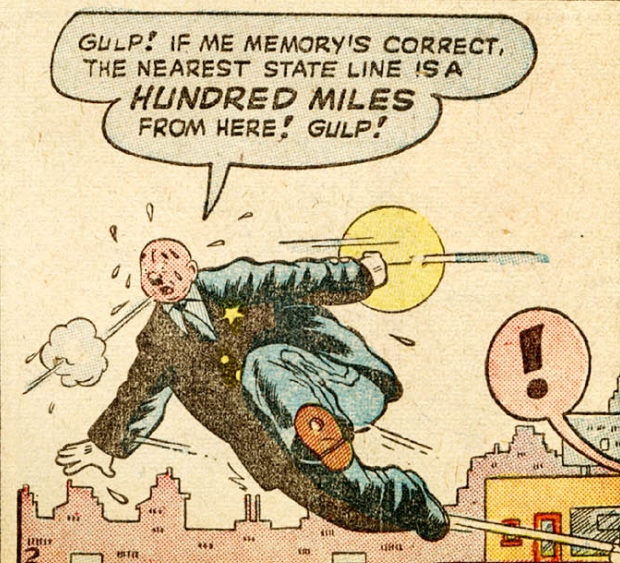
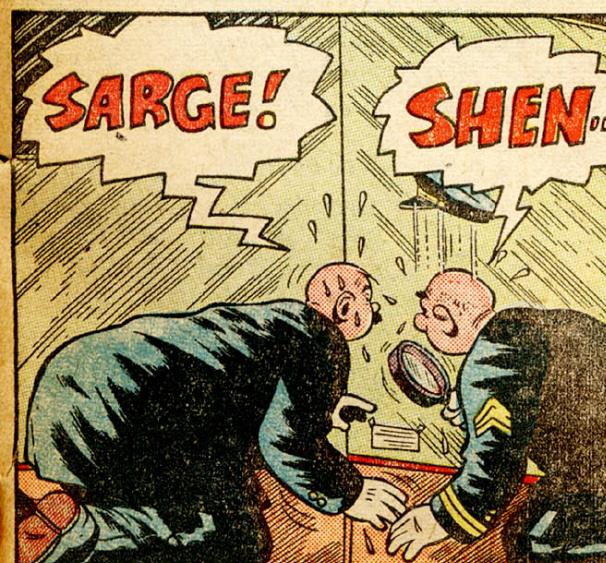
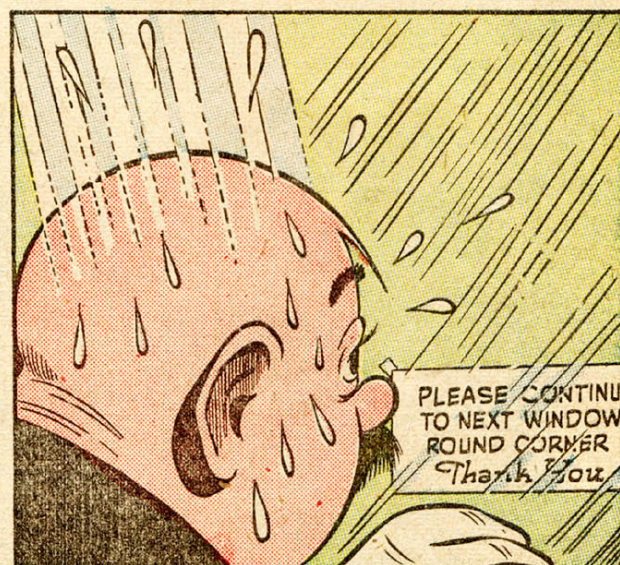
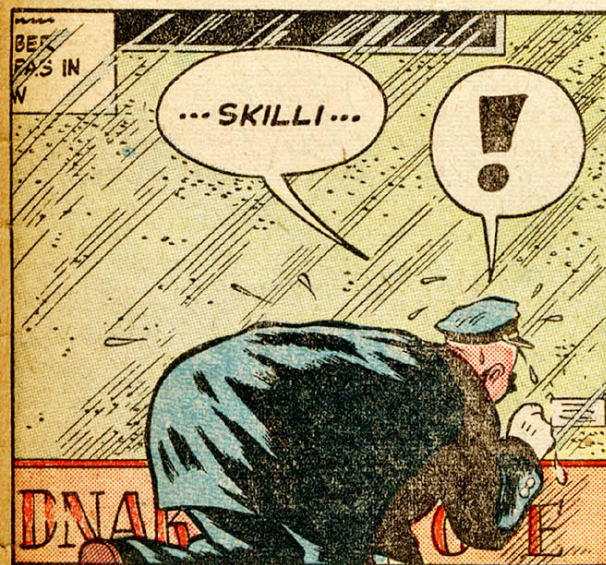
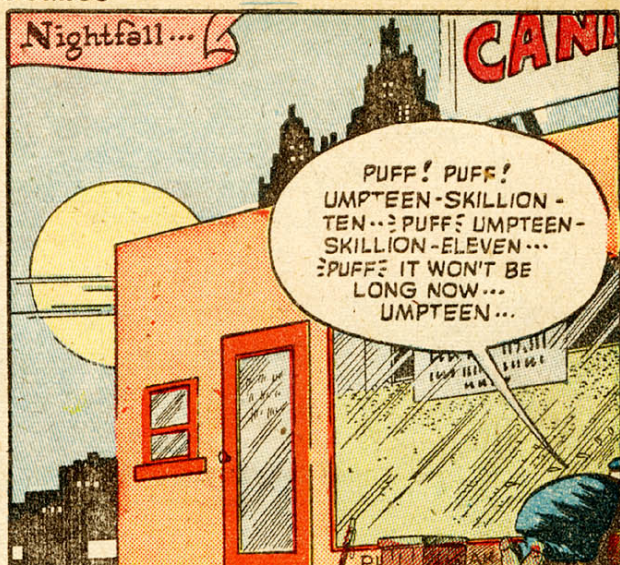
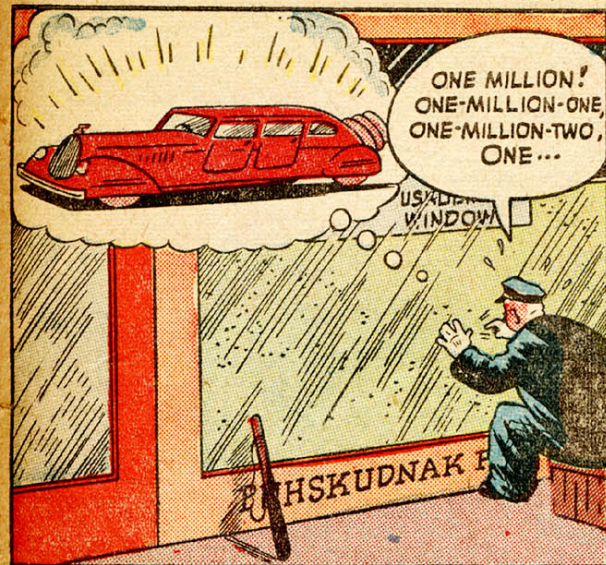


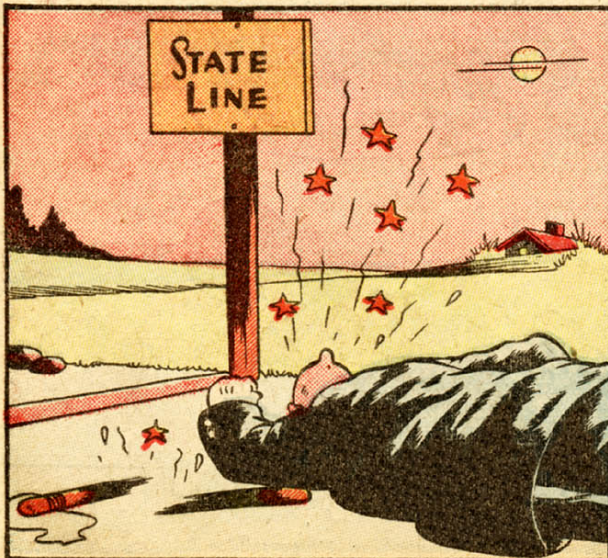
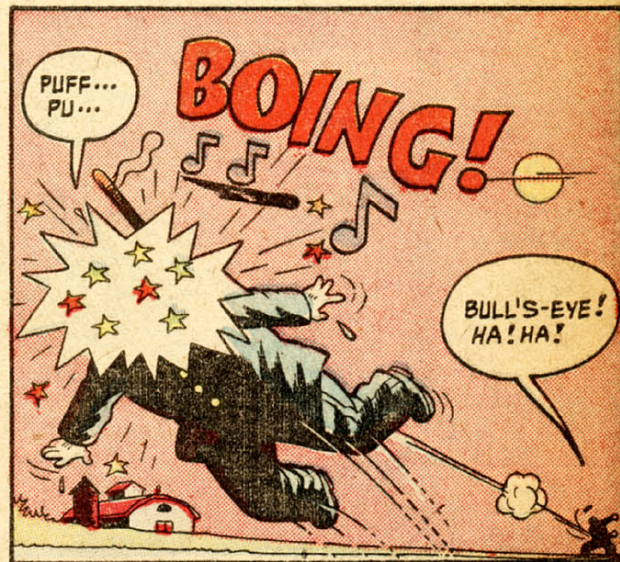
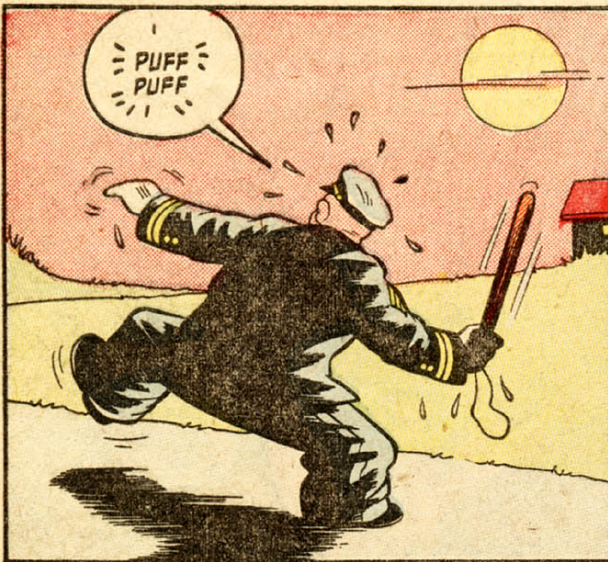
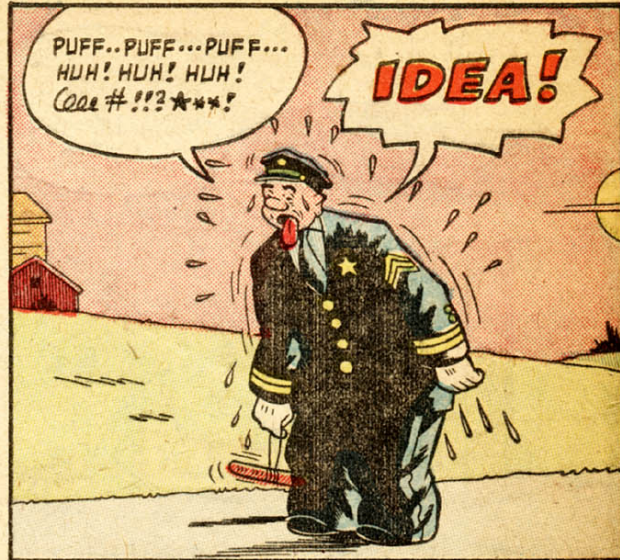
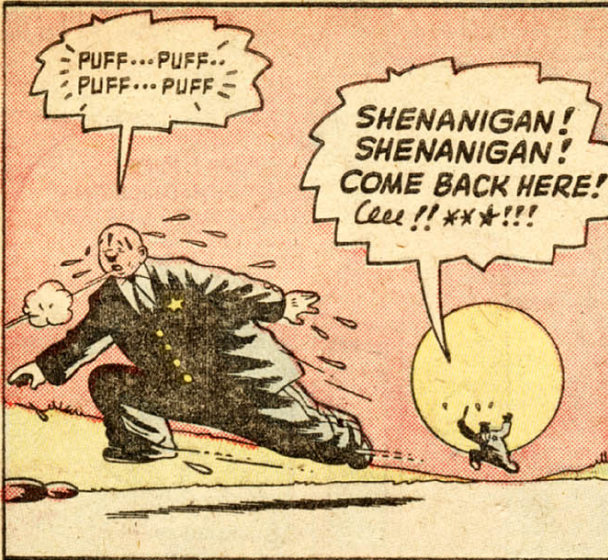


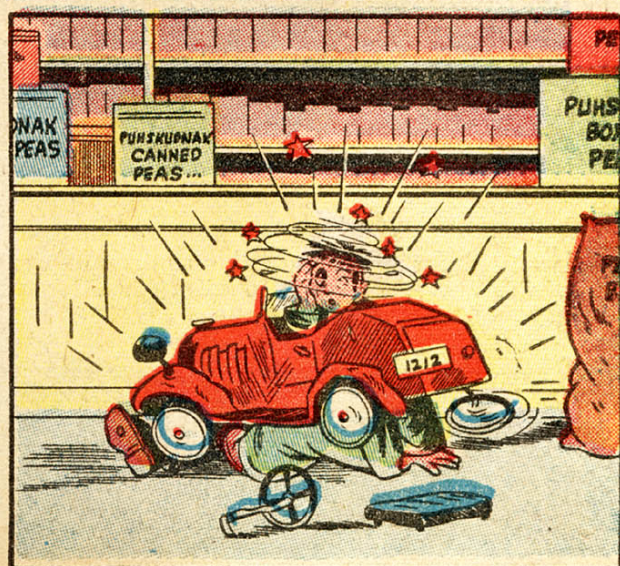
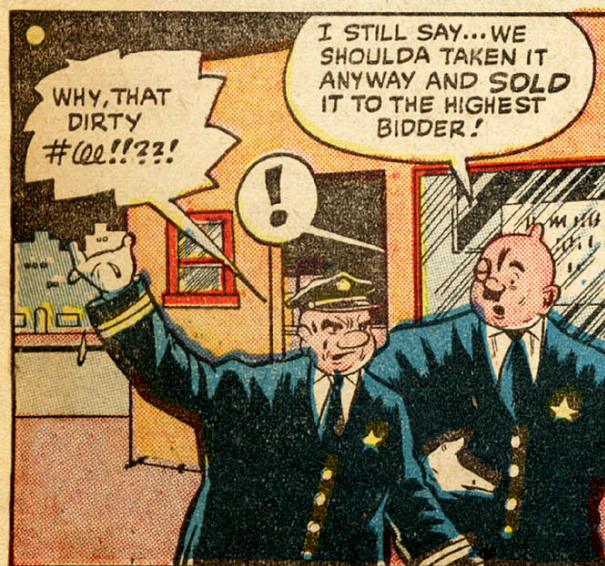
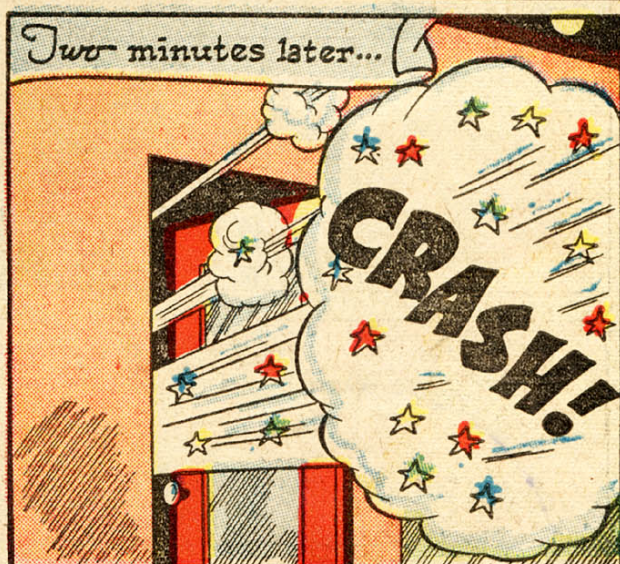
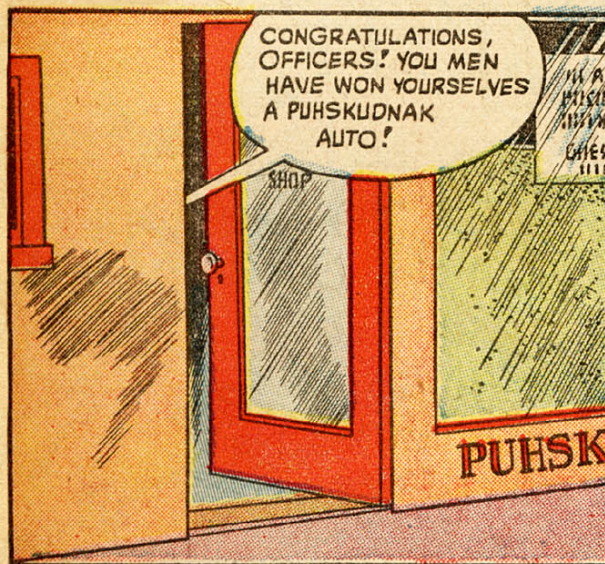
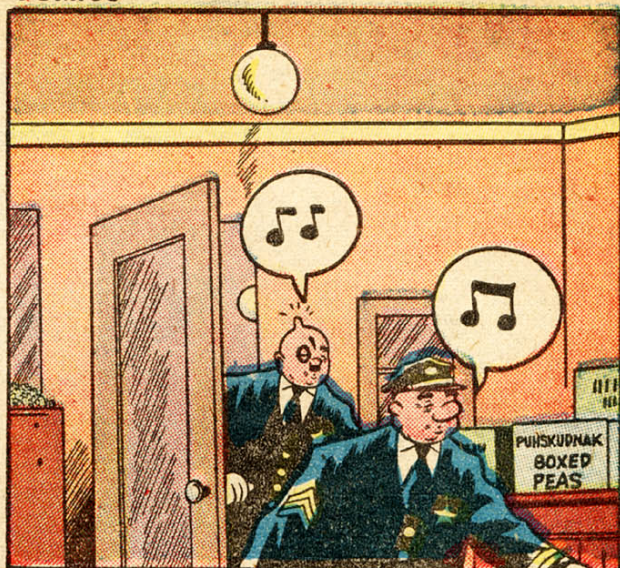
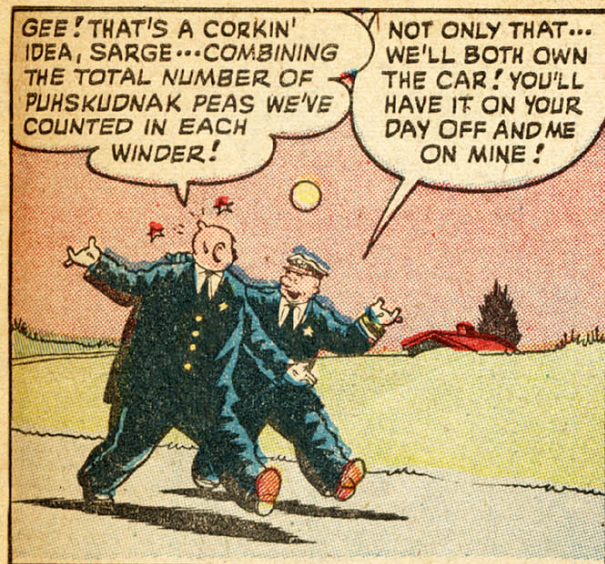


OFFICER SHENANIGAN









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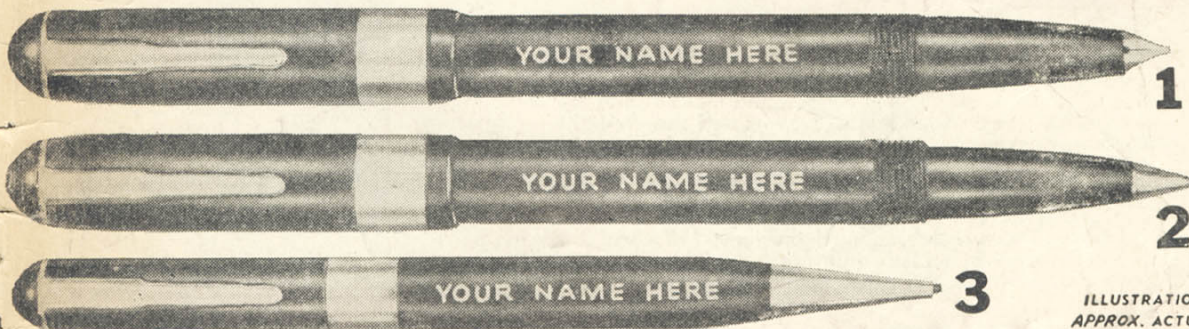


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Yes, This Perfectly Matched 3 PIECE POCKET SET

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IN GOLD LETTERS . . . Factory To You

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APPROX. ACTUAL SIZE

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2 BALL POINT PEN

Has identical ball point found on \$15 pens . . . NO DIFFERENCE! Rolls new 1948 indelible dark blue ball pen ink dry as you write. Makes 10 carbon copies. Writes under water or high in planes. Can't leak or smudge. Ink supply will last up to 1 year depending on how much you write. Refills at any drug store. Deep pocket clip.

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Grips standard lead and just a twist propels, repels, expels. Shaped to match fountain pen and ball pen and feels good in your hand. Unscrews in middle for extra lead reservoir and eraser. Mechanically perfect and should last a lifetime!

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ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON ALL 3 PIECES:

(Print plainly . . . Avoid mistakes)

Send to (NAME)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

And to think they used to call me

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Give Me 15 Minutes A Day
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PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me *where* you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepleps? Do

you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

**CHARLES
ATLAS**

Holder of title,
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed Man."

FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330J, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330J
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give healthy, husky body and big muscular development me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....